

Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXXV.

JULY, 1927

NO. 7



AN INGENUOUS CONFEDERATE DEVICE AT FORT PULASKI.

By swinging up the muzzle of this 8-inch smoothbore seacoast gun in Fort Pulaski, at the mouth of the Savannah River, so it could be used as a mortar for high-range fire against Federal batteries, the Confederates were able to drop shells in the Federal trenches. With this and other ingenious devices the little garrison kept up its resistance until forced to surrender. (From "Photographic History of the Civil War." By courtesy of the Review of Reviews.) (See page 250.)

TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association, of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale:

1. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.
 2. Matthew Fontaine Maury. By Mrs. Elizabeth Buford Phillips.
 3. Memorials to Three Great Virginians—Lee, Jackson, Maury. By John Coke, Miller, and Morgan.
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- All four sent for \$1.00, postpaid.
Order from Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, 1014 West Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.

BOOKS ON CONFEDERATE HISTORY.

Scarcer and more scarce become the works on Confederate history written by those who had a part in making it. What is written hereafter will be by those whose viewpoint comes from reading what has been written by the participants. Much of this material is now available only through libraries in large centers, and it is important that it be accessible everywhere. Every U. D. C. Chapter should have a library for the use of members in the historical work of the organization; every school should have its library of Southern history, and every home should have its collection of these books. Delay in collecting them means a loss in every way.

From time to time the VETERAN is able to offer books that are difficult to procure now, and it is only occasionally that more than one copy can be offered. Two or more copies are available in some books of the following list, but it is well to make second and third choice in giving your order:

Messages and Papers of the Confederacy. Compiled by Hon. James D. Richardson. Nice sets, cloth. Two volumes.....	\$7 00
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Poems of Henry Timrod. Memorial Edition.....	2 50
Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department of the United States. By Gen. Henry Lee (Light Horse Harry). Edited by Gen. R. E. Lee, 1867.	6 00
Order from the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.	

LEADING ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER.

	PAGE
A Message from the Commander in Chief—General Orders.....	243
Increase in Pensions.....	244
The Gift Supreme. (Poem).....	244
The Convention Veteran. By Miss Emma R. McGill.....	245
The Little Faded Packet. (Poem.) By Annie P. Moses.....	245
Truth Crushed to Earth. By Cornelius B. Hite.....	246
The Military Genius of Abraham Lincoln. By Matthew Page Andrews.....	248
A Gunner of Pelham's. (Poem.) By Arthur Louis Peticolas.....	250
The Long Arm of the Confederacy. By Richard D. Steuart.....	250
Life at Fort Wagner. By Capt. S. A. Ashe.....	254
Arizona, Dixie's Valentine. By Lillian L. Cave.....	256
John Brooke of Tampa. (Poem.) By Virginia Frazer Boyle.....	258
Sea Power of the Sixties. By Josephus Daniels.....	258
General Lee's Strategy from the Wilderness to Cold Harbor. By Robert W. Barnwell.....	260
That Apple Tree—and Other Trees. By I. G. Bradwell.....	262
The Flying Devil.....	264
Texas Boys in the War. By D. S. Combs.....	265
Departments: Last Roll.....	266
U. D. C.....	270
C. S. M. A.....	276

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NOTICE

147 Fulton Street
New York, N. Y.

Mrs. A. C. Fitzgerald, 1134 Highland Boulevard, San Antonio, Tex., would like to hear from any survivors of Company F, 5th Texas Regiment, Hood's Brigade, A. N. V. She is trying to get a pension and needs information on the service of her husband, William M. Fitzgerald.

James Sherier, 907 Fifteenth Street, Washington, D. C., makes inquiry in behalf of Mrs. Sarah T. Eddins, who wishes to get a pension. Her husband, Henry Clay Eddins, was a native of Orange County, Va., and was a member of the 1st Virginia Artillery (13th Regiment), and she would like to get in communication with any of his surviving comrades. Address her in care of Mr. Sherier.

Mrs. Mary McGrath, 1204 First Avenue, West End, Birmingham, Ala., seeks information of the record of her husband, James McGrath, who enlisted in the Confederate army at Louisville, Ky., in the early part of 1863, but she does not know the company and regiment, or under whom he served. She is trying to get a pension, and will appreciate any information on this line; says her husband told her he was in the infantry supply department. She is now eighty-two years old.

Mrs. E. C. Smith, of Quitman, Tex., needs a pension, and seeks more information on the service rendered the Confederacy by her husband, Thomas Dixon Smith. She would like to hear from anyone who knew him when working on a gunboat which was being built at Montgomery, Ala., in 1863, or at the Red Mountain Iron Works near where the city of Birmingham is now. She is over ninety years of age, and if she is to have the benefit of a pension, it should come soon.

WANTED.—Copies of Dr. Wyeth's "Life of Forrest." Anyone having a copy for sale will please communicate with the VETERAN.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Published by the Trustees of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.



UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,
SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

No. 7. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

By Command of J. C. FOSTER, *General Commanding.*
HARRY RENE LEE, *Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.*

Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

FOR INCREASED PENSIONS.

Efforts are being made in several States to secure larger pensions for their Confederate veterans and widows. Florida is now paying \$40 per month, and the late appropriation by the Arkansas legislature gives \$45 per month to veterans of that State; Tennessee pays \$25 per month, and other State allowances vary, some being as low as \$8 per month. An effort is now being made to get Mississippi's allowance increased to \$30 per month, a campaign having been put on by the former superintendent of the Confederate Home at Beauvoir, Mr. Elinathan Tartt, who is familiar with their needs, and his efforts are being backed by Mr. W. M. Lamp-ton, widely known for his philanthropy, ever the friend and helper of the veterans of the Confederacy, and especially a friend to those in the Beauvoir Home.

A letter has also been sent out by the present Superintendent of that Home, Mrs. Helen M. Tartt, in the interest of locating all Confederate veterans and widows in the State who are in need of the comforts that can be provided at the Home, and they are asked to put in their application at once. There is room for twenty-five in the up-to-date hospital at the Home, and for twenty-five more in the dormitories. Each inmate also has \$3 per month for spending money.

Doubtless many of our Confederate veterans and widows in the States so tragically affected by the great Mississippi flood have lost much, not only of their possessions, but in the losses sustained by those on whom they were dependent, and it would seem an appropriate time to become inmates of the Confederate Homes of their States, where their physical needs can be so fully supplied. And if these States can do more in the pension allowance, now is the time to do it, for there are not many more years in which we can minister to their needs. Every State should give an adequate pension.

REUNION COMMITTEE.

Col. E. R. Wiles, of Little Rock, Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department, S. C. V., is Chairman of the Executive Committee appointed by the governor for the U. C. V. reunion in Little Rock, 1928. Other members of this committee are: Dr. Morgan Smith, Gen. M. D. Vance, of Little Rock; Mrs. George Hughes, of Benton, and Mrs. George B. Gill, of Little Rock.

REUNION BADGES UNCALLED FOR.—Mrs. W. B. Kernan, Assistant to the Adjutant General, U. C. V., reports that a number of badges prepared for staff appointees were not called for during the reunion in Tampa, and such appointees who failed to get badges can get them now by writing to her at New Orleans, 7219 Elm Street. These badges will be beautiful souvenirs of that enjoyable occasion.

CORRECTION.—In the review of the book on "An Aide-de-Camp of Lee," by Matthew Page Andrews, in the sixth line from top of page 216, first column, the "Federal capital" should read the "Confederate capital," this error having been made in copying the article. The editor has made apology for having let it pass.

THE GIFT SUPREME.

Gifts of the gods they looked for then,
Pagan hosts in a world of war,
Brave recruits in the conflict when
Honor's badge was the battle scar;
Bounties plenty from fortune's car
Decked the path of their lavish dream,
Guessed by few came the gleaming Star—
Peace on earth was the gift supreme.

Then as now under frowning skies
Hungry hearts on the future fed,
Watchers waited the rainbow's rise,
Mourners hoped to be comforted;
Captive and king saw blessings shed
Unto each in fair fancy's beam,
Blind to the Star's glow overhead—
Peace on earth was the gift supreme.

Heaven's boon is their hope to-day,
Nations harnessed with sword and gun
Marching forth to the bloody fray,
Valor high in each eager son;
Riches many, by conquest won,
Time may bring in a golden stream,
Cometh the Star's blest light to none?
Peace on earth is the gift supreme!

Now as then through the teeming land
Souls athirst for the fountain sigh,
Hopeful still of the magic wand,
Sure of joy in the by and by;
Hark to the pealing melody—
Finer than mortal's sweetest dream—
Angel song of the Star on high:
"Peace on earth is the gift supreme!"

—Anon.

S. C. V. DEPARTMENT.—On account of illness, Editor Price has not been able to furnish any material for the S. C. V. Department for July, but he promised to "get things lined up" for the next month.

A CORRECTION.—In referring to the writer of the interesting paper on Gen. John H. Morgan, of Alabama, in the VETERAN for June, page 212, it is stated that Mrs. S. H. Newman is "Historian of the Alabama Division, U. D. C.," which is a mistake that Mrs. Newman wishes corrected as she is Historian of the Dadeville Chapter, U. D. C.

THE MAURY PRIZE AT ANNAPOLIS.—The handsome pair of binoculars given annually by the United Daughters of the Confederacy to a student at the Naval Academy, Annapolis, in honor of Matthew Fontaine Maury, was won for 1927 by John Bartholomew Webster, of Washington, D. C., an underclass man, for excellence in physics.

ENGAGEMENTS AT WINTON, N. C.—A recent inquiry as to whether there was any fighting at Winton, N. C., during the War between the States brings the thought that there may be some survivors of those soldiers who were stationed in that section and had a part in such engagements. The Official Records refer to "Winton, N. C., Expeditions, February 18, 21, 1862, and July 25-31, 1862."

THE CONVENTION VETERAN.

BY MISS EMMA R. M'GILL, HISTORIAN JEFFERSON DAVIS CHAPTER, U. D. C., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

Feebly shuffling along, dragging a heavy cane, an old man with white-crowned head and drooping long mustache, was led by an alert, progressive little woman (a typical modern grandmother of modish short skirts and boyish cut, smooth bobbed hair) to a forward seat at the opening of the twenty-seventh annual convention of the California Division, U. D. C., on May 11, 1927. Every one there at once knew him as a veteran of the Cause, "Love for the South," for which all were present, and a wave of reverent commendation in whispers buzzed through the beautiful gold ballroom of the palatial hotel where the convention of women from the Southland was assembled.

Eagerly the old form bent forward, hand cupped to ear, trying to drink in each word that flowed so evenly and rapidly from the well-trained thoughts of the many delegates and officers who graced the large rostrum. Throughout the morning session of four long hours sat the old man at strained attention, and when the luncheon was announced, crowds of brilliant women gathered around the trembling, weary old soldier to give him welcome and reverent honor.

At the beautifully decorated table, with the service which princes of high finance daily receive, he was gently seated. When the fried chicken of his childhood days far back in his beloved Virginia was placed before him, the sparkle of his year-weary eyes would have made even the heart of Scrooge warm into the milk of human kindness. We who knew the taste of delicacies each meal felt our eyes fill with tears.

Again, in the afternoon, he sat through the proceedings with renewed and joyful interest, and when the little President of the Chapter which holds this old man's happiness in its care read her report, she spoke of the two visits paid him each month at the Home that the county in which they lived was taxed to maintain, the Home where this soldier of the gray ("from the 31st Virginia Regiment, Company A," he proudly said) must pass the remaining few years left to him, for we have no Confederate Soldiers' Home in California.

She told us that Mr. Davis, her charge, was so thrilled with the kindly reception given and so eager to remain over for the following day, when he was to receive his cross, that she had approached the hotel management to make arrangements as to room and meals for the lowly old man. "It will be the pleasure of this hotel to have your veteran as its guest. There will be no charge," replied the manager of one of the most famous hotels of which this Pacific Coast boasts so many.

And when the evening social hours arrived, this honored hotel guest, in his well-brushed, old-fashioned gray suit, wandered through the corridors and into the ballroom, where lovely women, gowned in the beautiful hues like glorious blossoms of this paradise of flowers, stood in receiving line or danced upon the polished floor of a dreamland setting. His little guardian, in her shell-pink gown of shining satin, stopped him to say that she feared he was too tired to stay up longer; that he had another day to-morrow, and it would be best for him to let a bellboy take him to his room. "B-b-u-t," the old voice faltered, "a lady said I ought to stay. I-I- ain't going to dance. I—I want to just see."

He was eighty-five, and the conscientious guardian had misgivings about her duty, but a delegate here stepped forward and begged that she would relax it enough to permit her charge to sit through the pictures of Hawaii, which were to follow. Thus one more joy of everlasting delight, and crammed full of memories of a paradise glimpsed while yet

on earth, was added to the things to be told and retold to the many eager old listeners at the Home, pathetic old characters who had no friends to take them out for even an hour's relief from the dreary monotony of their daily lives.

And when, the following afternoon, the moment came for receiving the Cross of Honor, the Confederate veteran of eighty-five, or more, stood before his audience and spoke of the days when his youth and courage went forth in defense of the ideals for which Gen. "Bob" Lee stood, the quavering tones rose high, the old cheeks flushed, and the eyes that once were keen on battle front were lighted again with fire.

Only the solemn dignity of having the Cross pinned upon his breast enabled us to persuade him that he had taxed the waning strength to the utmost—the glorification of that old countenance could never be portrayed by pen or brush of man.

God bless him! God bless the little woman who had the courage to bring this beautiful act of kindness to our convention! And may success always be with the hotel whose generosity allowed this humble old figure to be waited upon by its serving people and made comfortable!

Each of us who gave but a handclasp or a word to this comrade of our fathers and grandfathers felt that the answering smile in his faded eyes rested upon us like a benediction, something beautiful for us to have and to hold as we lovingly went forward to "carry on" high ideals of the South for him and General Bob.

THE LITTLE FADED PACKET.

BY ANNIE P. MOSES, PAST POET LAUREATE, TENNESSEE DIVISION, U. D. C.

Only just a little packet,
Letters stained and dust besmirched,
Found one day within an attic
By an idle hand that searched.

Idle eyes gazed at the packet—
Such an old forgotten thing;
Brown and wrinkled like a parchment,
Tied with just a bit of string.

See, they flutter! Can she read them?
Learn who penned these pages dim?
Ought she learn the writer's secret,
Is it sacrilege to him?

Eighteen sixty-three! Ah surely
She can read them, he'll not mind;
"Dearest Mother"—then a tear blot,
Then a message interlined.

"Mother, dear," began another,
"Do not fret, we're bound to win"—
"Precious Mother"—still another—
"What a mother you have been!"

On and on the pages falling,
Till her tender throat-cords smart,
O, the love, the trust, the homage,
Of that dear boy's faithful heart.

Mother first and mother always!
But what is this official creed?
"Madame, I regret to tell you"—
Then for tears—*she could not read.*

BETTER THAN RICHES.

The following letter from Admiral Semmes to his brother, Samuel M. Semmes, of Cumberland, Md., was published in the *National Intelligencer* while he was awaiting trial for his "misdeeds on the high seas."

"MOBILE, ALA., August 12, 1865.

"My Dear Brother: The cessation of the war leaves me at liberty to renew my correspondence with you without subjecting you to suspicion and annoyance; and I need not say to you how grateful to the yearnings of my heart is this long-suspended privilege. You have been frequently in my thoughts in our unfortunate struggle, and I have often felt much solicitude on your account, lest a part of the odium and ill will which a zealous performance of my duty has called down upon my head from a 'mad nation' should attach to you and your family. Indeed, I have no doubt but that the prejudice against me was the secret of the barbarous and malignant persecution of your son, of which I heard only a few days since from my wife's friend and relation, Mrs. Judge Spencer, of Cincinnati. I have never inquired as to your opinions and conduct during the war, being content to leave you the same liberty of choice and action that I claimed for myself. I knew that whatever you did, you would do like a man of honor, and I rested satisfied. Besides, you had been some time retired from active life by your want of health. As for myself, I have nothing to regret, save only the loss of our independence. My conscience, which is the only earthly tribunal of which a good man should be afraid, bears me witness of the uprightness of my intention in choosing my course, when, with many regrets, I severed my connection with the old government and hastened to the defense of my home and section; and now, upon reviewing the whole of my subsequent career, I can see no act with which I have to reproach myself as unbecoming a man of honor and a gentleman. I approved the secession movement of the Southern States, though I had no agency in it. I thought that the separation of these two sections of our republic, which had been engaged in a deadly mortal conflict for thirty years, would ultimately result to the great advantage of them both. The world was wide enough for them to live apart, and peace, I thought, would be the fruit of their mutual independence of each other. Although I cared very little about the institution of slavery, I thought that the subordinate position of the inferior race was its proper position. I believed that the doctrine of State Rights was the only doctrine which would save our republic from the fate of all other republics that had gone before us in the history of the world. I believed that this doctrine had been violated and that it would never be sufficiently respected by the controlling masses of the Northern section to prevent them from defacing with sacrilegious hands our national bond of Union wheresoever its letter was meant to guard the peculiar rights of the South. Believing this, there was but one course for a faithful Southern man to pursue and maintain his self-respect. I pursued that course. When the alternative was presented to me of adhering to the allegiance due to my State or to the United States, I chose the former. Having taken my side, I gave it zealous and earnest support. I spent four years in active service, and only ceased to labor for my cause when it was no longer possible. I rendered this service without ever having treated a prisoner otherwise than humanely, and, I may say, often kindly, and without ever having committed an act of war, at any time or in any manner, which was not sanctioned by the laws of war; yet my name will probably go down to posterity in the untruthful histories which will be

written by bigoted and venal historians as a sort of 'Blue-beard' or 'Captain Kidd.' But I am content, my brother. My conscience is clear, my self-respect has been preserved, and my sense of manhood remains unimpaired. I think, too, the South will be content, notwithstanding her immense losses and sacrifices. If she had yielded to the intolerant exactions of Northern selfishness and fanaticism without appealing to the arbitrament of war, she would have played a craven and unworthy part.

"It is better to lose everything than our honor and manhood. I know you will believe me, my brother, when I tell you that I should feel greatly humbled in my own opinion were I this day entitled to wear an admiral's flag in the old navy and in possession of all the means and appliances of wealth if I thought my honors and rewards had been gained by a sacrifice of creed. The preservation of my own self-respect is infinitely preferable to all such gains. I have come out of the war poor, but, God willing, I shall make a support for my family. The President treats me as an outlaw, unworthy of amnesty. I have nothing to say. If I am deemed unworthy to be a citizen, I can remain in my native land as an alien. A magnanimous people would have passed an act of general amnesty, it being absurd and ridiculous to talk about rebels and traitors in connection with such a revolution as has swept over the length and breadth of this land, in which States, and not individuals merely, were the actors. But enough of this subject. I am still in Mobile, but it is yet uncertain where I shall go, or what I shall do. If I save five or six thousand dollars out of the wreck of my affairs, it will be fully as much as I expect. I think of retiring into the country, where, upon a small farm, I can live in obscurity and peace the few years that remain to me. My children are all grown, are well educated, and will be able, if the worst comes by the worst, to take care of themselves.

"Remember me kindly to your family, my dear brother, and let me hear from you. We have become old men. We have both had our troubles, but the chain of affection which binds me to you remains unaffected by the cares of the world and is as bright now as when we slept in each others' arms.

"Your affectionate brother,

R. SEMMES."

"TRUTH CRUSHED TO EARTH."

BY CORNELIUS B. HITE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

It is a great pity that the president of the National Geographic Society, Mr. Gilbert Grosvenor, in his article in the February, 1927, number of that magazine, should have marred his otherwise very interesting story of Maryland's part in the "Development of Popular Government in America," by side-stepping to throw the weight of his influence in support of false alleged historical facts lying entirely outside of Maryland's activities in said "Development." This seems to show he has the real "Yankee itch" for perversion of those historical truths that do not harmonize with prejudiced opinions.

I refer, first, to the so-called "Barbara Fritchie" incident.

Allow me to say that, while this Whittier "myth" has been repeatedly exposed and exploded, there are some who strenuously and recklessly ignore the truth for reasons best known to themselves, preferring fiction, especially when in verse by a favorite poet; and Mr. Grosvenor may be one of this class.

Now, the best evidence shows Barbara Fritchie to have been an invalid and bedridden for about twelve years prior to September, 1862, the date of the alleged incident. It has been reliably established that she required constantly daily

one or two nurses and a nephew of hers has stated that the acts attributed to her by Whittier are simply *absurd*. These facts ought to be enough to satisfy any sane, unprejudiced person of the falseness of Whittier's poem; but there is more convincing testimony also.

Maj. Henry Kyd Douglas, an aide on Stonewall Jackson's Staff, and Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, both there with the troops, have stated *positively* that General Jackson *did not* march with his men through Frederick City, having stopped to see a friend; and, moreover, the troops *did not* march on the street where Barbara lived. These officers say, however, there may have been some waving of flags by Unionist women of Frederick; but, if so, no attention was paid to it; for the Confederate soldier was too much of a gentleman, generally, ever to lower himself to the brutal level of a Sherman (who said, "war is hell" and then proceeded to make it so), a Sheridan, a Pope, a Hunter, or a Butler, *et als*.

The Southern soldier resents the Whittier poem, especially, for its utterly false representation of General Jackson's true character. He was too true a gentleman not to be one in war as well as in peace. Because, as a patriot, he was forced to take up the sword to defend his native land did not, and could not, change his character and make him a barbarian as Whittier would have the world believe. Had Stonewall, however, seen Barbara, or any other woman in Frederick, or anywhere else, waving a flag, he would have taken off his hat to her; for his duty did not make him war on noncombatants, and especially women.

Now, in the face of all this indisputable evidence, was Mr. Grosvenor seeking truth or just letting prejudice sway his mental vision when he states: "At Frederick, one pauses to note the site of Barbara Fritchie's house. In the Francis Scott Key Hotel is a full-page newspaper story framed, which positively asserts that she did wave her flag in the face of Stonewall Jackson, and offers much evidence to support the story of her defiance of the invading army. In Andrews's 'Tercentenary History of Maryland,' Cols. Bradley T. Johnson and Kyd Douglas are both quoted to the effect that chivalrous Jackson and his staff did not ride by Barbara's house at all; but whoever is right, it still remains that Whittier's poem symbolizes the devotion of the county to the 'indissoluble Union' from the days of 1776, when the Frederick County delegation to Annapolis compelled all doubting hearts to declare immediately for independence."

Now, will Mr. Grosvenor please explain how a chivalrous Jackson could act as Whittier's poem states and still be chivalrous? Is not the poem defamatory and unworthy of a gentleman and a scholar—on the strength of the testimony adduced?

Again: How can the poem symbolize the devotion of the county to the "indissoluble Union" from 1776, "when it ought to be well known to the president of the National Geographic Society that there *never* was an 'indissoluble Union' until Abraham Lincoln and his Radicals destroyed the Constitution of 1776 established by Washington and his compeers."

It looks as if Mr. Grosvenor is not familiar with Yates's "Minutes of the Constitutional Convention," nor the ratifying convention of Massachusetts, nor that of Virginia (1788); nor with the Virginia Bill of Rights, by George Mason; nor with the Kentucky Resolutions of 1798, by Thomas Jefferson; nor with Madison and Hamilton's letters in the *Federalist*; nor, perhaps, does he know that Abraham Lincoln is the only President ever rebuked by a Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court (Roger B. Taney) for violating the Federal Constitution, the rebuke being sent under the Court's

seal by a special Court messenger, and delivered in person to the President; nor that Chief Justice Jay, in the case of *Chisholm vs. State of Georgia*, declares the Constitution of the United States is a compact.

Therefore, from all of the above testimony, it is incontestably proved that Washington and his compeers *never* established an "indissoluble Union," but one under "solemn and explicit compacts, each State with all of the others."

Again: Does Mr. Grosvenor know that Lincoln began war on the South just *eight days after* taking the oath to obey the Constitution, which gave him *no* authority to coerce any State, North or South, asserting its inalienable right to secede from the Union whenever it should think proper to do so, a right New England had been claiming for more than half a century? Does he know that Lincoln sent this order *secretly* by a *special* messenger named Worden; and the order is indisputable? This being true, does it not show Lincoln had predetermined on war *before* he was sworn in? Does not this constitute *perjury*? Was this one of his great acts? And are the following more of his great and good acts?

Besides secretly, willfully, and indefensibly involving the whole country in a war that brought great destruction of human life and, consequently, sorrow and mourning to every home, also great destruction of property and an enormous public debt, he suppressed the voice of the people of Indiana in their government by clothing Gov. Oliver P. Morton with such military power that he declared: "I am the State." Vallandigham, of Ohio, was banished because he opposed the Lincoln war on the South. Then Virginia was divided arbitrarily and unconstitutionally, and a full-fledged State was erected out of a county of the territory of Utah, inhabited by a few mining prospectors and Indians, and called it the State of Nevada, doing this unconstitutional act for the purpose of securing two more senators to further his unconstitutional plans.

Was the bribery of Simon Cameron, to get the nomination in 1860, either a good or great act?

The above are a few of Lincoln's many unconstitutional acts; but they ought to be enough to stop his admirers from muddling historical waters, so to say, with their false statements. It is remarkable that these writers should ignore entirely the records left by Lincoln's most intimate friends, which show, beyond doubt, that he was utterly devoid of any good or great qualities of mind or heart. It should be remembered, too, that William H. Seward, his Secretary of State, characterized him as having "that political cunning that was genius."

Again: Mr. Grosvenor refers to Maryland's instructions to her delegates, which were later read in Congress, May 21, 1779, and which state: "We are convinced that policy and justice require that a country unsettled at the commencement of this war, claimed by the British crown, and ceded to it by the Treaty of Paris, if wrested from the common enemy by the blood and treasure of the thirteen States, should be considered as a common property, subject to be parcelled out by Congress into free, convenient, and independent governments in such manner and at such times as the wisdom of that assembly shall hereafter direct." Then, Mr. Grosvenor goes on to state as follows: "To the illustrious Marylanders, John Hanson particularly, and to Charles Carroll and Daniel Carroll belong the credit of suggesting and successfully urging the policy that has changed the whole map of the United States and the whole course of our national life." The foregoing is a large proposition. Now let us see how true the statement is as to the territory referred to.

From the above statement, it seems, Mr. Grosvenor does

not know that the Treaty of Paris, by a proviso inserted by the Vatican's influence, obliged Great Britain to enlarge the boundaries of the neighboring Province of Quebec to include all of the territory now known as Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin; but, fortunately, a band of Virginians, led by the intrepid George Rogers Clarke, invaded and took possession of all of this then unknown land in the name of Virginia; and Thomas Jefferson advocated its donation to the public domain of the thirteen Colonies, not because the other twelve Colonies had spent "blood and treasure" in its acquisition, but because Virginia thought it wise to do so; and it was, also, by Mr. Jefferson's influence, and Edward Cole's, an early governor of Illinois, that the States carved out of it were free and independent.

Now, in the above criticism, there is no purpose to disparage Maryland's conspicuous part in the Revolutionary War period: for John Hanson's able support, as well as the heroic gallantry of the Maryland Line, are well known activities: but it is *new* information to be told that Charles and Daniel Carroll exerted any of the special influence "that has changed the whole map of the United States and the whole course of our national life" at a time when Roman Catholicism in the thirteen Colonies was a *negligible* quantity, even in so-called Catholic Maryland, wherein Charles Carroll, to induce non-Catholics to settle in his sparsely occupied province, *tolerated* a qualified "freedom of conscience" act of his legislature. Surely this did not change the whole map of the United States nor the whole course of the national life. This act of Charles Carroll was rather that of a practical man of business who was trying to make the most of a bad situation, surrounded as he was by a political atmosphere of free and independent colonies.

To Roger Williams, however, belongs the honor and credit of founding at Providence, R. I., the first commonwealth on the basis of pure democracy (meaning freedom of conscience in all civil and religious matters) in the Western Hemisphere of North and South America *after being driven into the wilderness by the Pilgrim Fathers*.

THE MILITARY GENIUS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

REVIEWED BY MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS.

Among the books on American history that have recently come from the pens of Englishmen is one by Brig. Gen. Colin R. Ballard, C.B., C.M.G., on "The Military Genius of Abraham Lincoln."

In the sphere of biographical eulogium, practically no limits have been set to the praise of Lincoln; but the very title of the particular book under discussion may prove startling to extreme eulogists, since it has been generally accepted that Lincoln's military interferences were disastrous. In so far as General Ballard presents matters pertaining to the conduct of the war, there is much that is valuable; but he is singularly unconvincing when he attempts to establish his main thesis. In some cases, however, he does show that Lincoln's common sense was a guide superior to the judgment of the military and political leaders who surrounded him. On the whole, the volume offers the clearest brief expositions of the numerous military campaigns that has appeared in print. It is a remarkable bit of condensation, and the reviewer has distinctly profited by these summations and by sundry shrewd observations as to relative values that have, apparently, hitherto escaped special attention.

In treating of the sectional conflict, the author necessarily handles a two-sided question; yet when his official "list of authors consulted" is reviewed, one is surprised to find that

of the sixteen special authorities mentioned, *twelve* are taken from one side and but *one* from the other, and this lone exception covers only a small period. The remaining three are neutral or foreign, over and above historical society proceedings and "Battle and Leaders of the Civil War." This one-sidedness in the matter of references is unfortunate, for several very patent errors must certainly have been avoided had the author more generally consulted both sides. For instance, he would not have asserted that "the Confederates raised a wooden frigate, fitted her with armor plating, and christened her the Merrimac." As a matter of fact, of course, the vessel was sunk as the Merrimac and then raised and christened the Virginia; after which the usual impression is given that the Virginia retreated from the Monitor, whereas the opposite is the truth. Also, General Ballard would have avoided the implication that "Lee had difficulty in making up his mind which way duty called him." There is no evidence to warrant the belief that Lee had any hesitancy in regard to what he would do in case of Virginia's secession. He was, as Charles Francis Adams points out, too well drilled in the beliefs and traditions of his Revolutionary forbears, even though some of General Lee's biographers give the impression of hesitation at this point.

Again, had General Ballard consulted authorities, he would not have been so surprised that the Border States supported Lincoln in 1862, while pivotal Northern States voted against the Administration. As a matter of fact, the Border States were under military law and physical duress. The people had almost as little freedom of expression in opposing the party in power as any group in Italy now has in questioning the authority of Fascism. General Ballard would do well to read the sayings of the British minister in regard to this military domination together with those recorded in the diary of Count Gurowski and other foreign observers.

In the main, however, these and similar errors are not pertinent to the theme of the volume, in which the author expounds a viewpoint sensationally contrary to the opinions of other military critics. Like many who conceive an idea involving certain points that have been overlooked, instead of riding the idea, our author permits the idea to ride him, or so it would seem. In the beginning, for example, General Ballard undertakes to defend Lincoln's conduct in countermanding McClellan's plans. In doing so he brings out some thoughts which have been neglected by the historians, and no well-informed person would contend that American historians have not from time to time made serious errors, and are still making them. Nevertheless, although General Ballard gives unusual emphasis to the comparatively neglected point that McClellan did not live up to his promises of leaving a larger force in front of Washington in the Peninsular campaign, his own subsequent comment illustrates the fact that Lincoln's interference gave Lee his sole opportunity for turning either Federal flank and of converting what seemed to be the certain fall of the Confederate capital into the final repulse of the Federal host. It is impossible to conceive how the genius of Lee could have saved Richmond had McClellan received the support he expected from Washington, even though it be admitted he had forfeited an absolute claim to that support.

A new viewpoint that General Ballard brings out is the thought that had Lincoln's orders been "carried out with any thrust" by Fremont and Shields that these orders "would have led to success" in that quarter and, presumably, have obviated the alleged necessity for interfering with McClellan's plans; but there is an awful *if* when one counts out, on paper, a fighter like Stonewall Jackson! On the other hand, there is no question about it that the book does establish

certain points which bring Lincoln's military and political "strategy" into a better light than has usually been accepted, but more particularly the latter in its unavoidable associations with the former.

Here and there are some illuminating passages when, for example, General Ballard quotes Professor Paxson in regard to what is almost invariably overlooked by writers on the subject of the war—viz., "*It is reasonably clear to-day that the South would of itself have discarded slavery in another generation.*"

On the other hand, in the chapter on "Slavery," the author, in common with ninety-nine out of a hundred fellow historians, utterly fails to recognize the illimitable importance of the economic and political basis for the conflict. Nowhere does he set forth the fact, or even an intimation, that the taxation actually imposed upon the South prior to the armed conflict was vastly more injurious to the welfare of the South than the taxation merely proposed by the British Parliament on the American colonies. In discussing the cause of the conflict, the author fails to grasp the all-important fact that the controversy was fundamentally a clash between King Cotton, representing agricultural interests on the one side, and King Coal, or the manufacturing interests, on the other; and that these differences were merely sharpened by the sectional existence of slavery, the abolition of which was an incidental outcome of the physical clash.

General Ballard is one of the few writers who shows that the Emancipation Proclamation was a military rather than a humanitarian measure. He would, doubtless, be interested in comparing the emancipation proclamation issued by the British in 1775 with the one issued by the Federal government in 1863. In either case, if slavery had been of the character illustrated in other lands or in the West Indies, a fearful servile war would have resulted, especially in those localities where the negroes outnumbered the whites in the ratio of from three and five to one. The late Charles Francis Adams asserted that this possibility of servile insurrection was duly considered by those who advocated the passage of the measure, believing it would bring a rapid end to the war, for the reason that the soldiers of the Confederacy would be compelled to return home at once to protect their families.

Again, taking up the main thesis of the work of General Ballard, one finds, from the General's own presentation, that Lincoln was in error on matters of military strategy on five successive occasions—notably, the appointment of Halleck instead of Buell in the West; together with the subsequent removal of Buell from the office he held for a failure which was not Buell's fault. In the first place, Buell should have been promoted in the place of Halleck and, in the second, he should not have been demoted for failure. Again, had Lincoln been successful in interfering with Grant's movements before Vicksburg, it seems highly probable that Vicksburg would not have been captured. In fact, Grant achieved his early successes through disobedience of directions from Washington. In the matter of relieving Burnside, had Grant heeded Lincoln it seems likely that both Burnside and Grant would have been defeated. General Ballard justifies Lincoln's failure to support McClellan on the basis that McClellan did not inform the administration of his plans; and yet there is no condemnation of Grant for doing the same thing. Of a campaign in the West, Grant wrote bluntly: "I did not communicate my plans to the President, nor did I to the Secretary of War, nor General Halleck." There is severe criticism of McClellan because he was in Washington and failed to consult with the President; yet when Grant went from Petersburg to Washington he returned to Petersburg "*without*

seeing the President"! Again, Grant refused to heed the President in regard to Early's campaign in 1864. And yet much of the concluding chapter is, in effect, an effort to refute Henderson's statement in his Life of Jackson that "the mistakes of Lincoln and Stanton are not to be condoned by pointing to McClellan."

In view of the fact that this is another volume added to the scores of those now existing that endeavor to fasten the failure of the Peninsular campaign upon McClellan almost alone, it may be just as well to remember that McClellan is the *only* leader who gave battle to Lee and inflicted more losses than he received. The truth is, McClellan's faults are apparent to every one; they have been emphasized by every writer, while his abilities as a fighter and as a man of bulldog tenacity have usually been overlooked. Nevertheless, McClellan's failures loom up as wonderful successes by the side of the records of the men General Ballard's master strategist undertook to put in his place, each one of whom was successively and tremendously defeated by Lee or Jackson or both. It is very likely that McClellan's army of 1862 would never have been reorganized had it sustained anything like the fearful losses suffered by General Grant in 1864. One has but to compare the losses under McClellan, amounting to some 20,000 or 30,000 men in two campaigns, to the losses of General Grant of some 60,000 within a few days.

Finally, in the matter of recruiting, General Ballard gives no consideration whatever to the fact that the whole of Europe was open to the Federal call. It has been estimated—the writer doesn't know how correctly—that there were 916,000 foreign-born troops in the Federal army. A very large number of these were Teutons, which led Theodore Roosevelt to say, in Baltimore in 1912, that the German contribution decided the outcome of the war. Of course, many of these Germans had come over as early as 1848; a few served in the South, and one, Charles Ellerbrock, prepared the music for a number of the Southern war songs, printed on the back of wall paper. Vast numbers of these immigrants were coming through the Northern ports during the four years of war in that increasing tide of immigration which has been admirably described in Lothrop Stoddard's recent volume on "Re-forging America."

APPRECIATES THE VETERAN.—Sergt. Henry M. Kibber, of the 10th Georgia Regiment, now an inmate of the Andrew Freedman Home of New York City, writes of what the VETERAN means to him. He renews subscription, and says: "There is nothing I enjoy in my isolation so much as the coming of your delightful, refreshing news from the dear Southland. I am eighty-six years old, born in Macon, Ga., and enlisted in the Confederate army among the first volunteers; was sent to the Peninsula. Our company was known as the Georgia Rangers, or Company G, of the 10th Georgia Regiment, Col. Alfred Cummings, of Augusta, Gen. Bankhead Magruder's Brigade. Our regiment fought all through the McClellan campaign—in the battles of Gaines's Mill, Seven Pines, Savage Station, Malvern Hill, and Williamsburg, driving the Yankees and routing McClellan's army. After the defeat, our regiment was ordered to reënforce Lee's army, and we fought in the battles of Cedar Mountain and Second Bull Run. I was badly wounded and taken prisoner with several members of my company at the battle of Crampton's Pass, Md., and was sent to Fort Delaware, where I remained for nine months, and was then paroled. I am now one of the very few Confederate veterans in this city, and the only one in this Home."

A GUNNER OF PELHAM'S.

BY ARTHUR LOUIS PETICOLAS.

A boisterous crew were we as we filed in
To the dim-lighted lecture room. There'd been
A football game. Our varsity eleven
Had won—the score was twenty-six to seven—
And we were still elated. But a day
Had passed since we had cheered the glorious fray;
And heroes were among us, bearing scars—
Badges of honor from gridiron wars—
So there was some excuse, you'll grant, that we
Were little minded to take seriously
Dry discourse upon "Modern History."

And our professor was so *very* old,
So mild, so gentle; though he'd sometimes scold,
His very scolding was like balm; and we
Scarce took the dear old Prof more seriously
That morning, than we took all other things,
Saving our hero-worshipped gridiron kings.

But he was old, and wise, and gentle—Ah,
We thought as he arose, in football war
How out of place he'd be. But, Lord! he knew us
Better than we knew ourselves. He drew us
Around him with a gesture, and said he:
"Young gentlemen, 'tis very plain to me
That in your mood of triumph you're scarce fit
To listen to old 'Dry-as-dust,' yet sit—
Yes, draw your chairs, sirs, close around me here—
And with a yarn I'll match your mood. Nor fear
'Twill be about myself; that *would* be drear.
Nay, 'tis of Pelham, the great cannoneer.

"In mind, young gentlemen, behold a plain,
Not yet distained with life blood of the slain;
But covered with war's panoply; rank on rank
The blue host marching from the river bank.
To right, old Fredericksburg, in ruins laid,
Of her fair streets a desolation made
By the blue guns; to left, the gloomy hills
That towered above the town. The broad plain fills
With battle lines. Franklin and Sumner there
To storm those grim and frowning heights prepare;
Reckless the cost, though soon that plain shall bear
Grim witness to the measure that they dare.

"A bloody measure 'twas. Those heights were crowned
With serried guns that o'er the blue host frowned;
Their slopes below were manned by veterans
Who might have baffled a Napoleon's plans;
There Lee, and Longstreet, and great Stonewall stood
That deluge to behold of wasted blood.

"Franklin, advancing, ordered gallant Meade
The van of battle on his left to lead.
The blue came on, bands playing, colors flying,
A gallant sight, that there was no denying.
To left, beyond a tiny stream, a bank
With brushwood crowned. Sudden, upon that flank
The thickest blazed—John Pelham, with two guns,
Came into action. As a reaper runs
Through wheat, the grapeshot tore the ranks of blue;
They wavered, reeled! The coppice blazed anew—
Again, and yet again, in flame and thunder!

The blue gave ground, their ranks were torn asunder!
Then four blue batt'ries into action came,
With shot and shell, with iron jaws aflame!
But, dauntless, gallant Pelham fought his guns,
Intrepid, skillful, cool! The wintry sun's
Bright rays 'mid battle smoke illumed his face,
His blue eyes flashing, his lithe, boyish grace!
A stripling, yet he held a host at bay,
Two guns against four batteries that day!
A stripling he that day shown forth the peer
O' th' world's most daring—the great cannoneer!

"Rapid and cool, he swiftly changed his ground
When the blue batteries his range had found—
Again, and yet again, yet still he poured
Destruction on them, still his cannon roared!
One gun disabled, still he fought the other,
Until there galloped to him, through the smother
Of battle smoke, a courier, orders bearing
From Stuart—*beau sabreur*, in love with daring—
And found him 'mid the red murk, calm and cool—
'Get back from destruction, you infernal, gallant fool,
John Pelham!'"

The old professor ceased. And then a youth,
Curious perhaps, sensing, perhaps, the truth—
"You must have been there, sir, to know it all
So well?" You might have heard a feather fall.
The old man straightened, stood erect and tall—
"Ay, well I know it all, and well I may,
For I was Pelham's gunner, sir, that day!"

Vanished our dear old Prof, white-haired and wan,
Before us stood a stark artilleryman!
And as we filed before him we were mute,
Dim-eyed, each hand upraised in salute
To the Gunner of Pelham's.

THE LONG ARM OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY RICHARD D. STEUART, BALTIMORE, MD.

In previous articles, I have tried to tell something about the infantry and cavalry arms of the Confederate soldier. This article aims to tell of the cannon used in the Confederacy, how they were obtained, and the various types. Another article will describe the breech-loading and repeating cannon used in the South, and will show that the Confederates were pioneers in the invention and use of these more modern weapons of warfare.

There is a popular, but fallacious, belief that when the Southern States seceded from the Union they took possession of all government forts, armories, and arsenals and thereby obtained large quantities of up-to-date arms and munitions. In my article on shoulder arms, I have shown how few modern guns were gotten by the South through the seizure of government arsenals and armories. It is also a fact that no batteries of field artillery were found in any of the Southern forts and arsenals. The only guns were old pieces of the period of 1812 and earlier.

The only field pieces in the South at the outbreak of the war belonged to the States or to volunteer militia companies, such as the Washington Artillery of New Orleans and the Richmond Howitzers.

And in all the South there was only one plant capable of turning out large cannon, and that was the Tredegar Iron Works at Richmond, of which more will be said later.

Of the artillery in the South at the beginning of 1861, nearly all of it was in Virginia. A report to the governor of Virginia, December 15, 1860, showed twenty-four six-pounders and six twelve-pounder howitzers in the hands of Virginia militia in addition to fifteen guns at the Virginia Military Institute, two hundred and twenty-nine in the Richmond Armory, and others elsewhere, a total of two hundred and ninety-six guns, of which seventy-seven were bronze.

In the first battle of Manassas, or Bull Run, the Confederate army used forty-seven guns, most of them old six-pounders of smooth bore. The Confederates captured twenty-eight guns in this battle, most of them rifled pieces.

The Confederates used some rifled guns at Manassas, but they were smooth bores converted by Colonel Dimmock after the Brooke system. At that time Virginia had twelve fine new Parrott rifles, which the State had purchased, but these were not in the battle of Manassas. Apparently, all the Confederate cannon used in this first great battle of the war was the property of the State of Virginia except the four guns brought from New Orleans by the Washington Artillery.

The newly organized Confederate government and the separate States set about to correct this deficiency in ordnance. The Confederate Congress appropriated \$110,000 in March, 1861, for the purchase of munitions. In May, it appropriated \$4,440,000, with the provision that out of this sum be purchased sixteen field batteries of six guns each. In August, \$3,500,000 of the public defense fund was apportioned to the Ordnance Bureau. In 1862, appropriations for this bureau exceeded \$16,000,000.

In September, 1861, General Gorgas, Chief of Ordnance, reported that contracts had been let for one hundred and thirty-one three-inch rifles, eighty-one twelve-pounder, and forty twenty-four-pounder iron howitzers, and some six-pounder brass guns.

The States also acted individually. The Georgia legislature, by an act of 1861, provided a \$10,000 bonus for the first person in the State to cast a ten-inch Columbiad. In February, 1862, Georgia issued an order for the seizure of all block tin and copper stills in the State.

The scarcity of brass and bell metal for the manufacture of

arms was met by a general appeal throughout the South for household brasses—candlesticks, and irons, etc. General Beauregard issued his famous appeal for plantation and Church bells to be made into cannon, which, incidentally, proved the inspiration for several poems.

Beauregard's order is given here in full because of its historic interest:

"TO THE PLANTERS OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI,

"JACKSON, TENN., March 8, 1862.

"More than once a people, fighting with an enemy less ruthless than yours, for imperilled rights not more dear and sacred than yours, for homes and a land not more worthy of resolute and unconquerable men than yours, and for interests of far less magnitude than you have now at stake, have not hesitated to melt and mold into cannon the precious bells surmounting their houses of God, which had called generations to prayer. The priesthood have ever sanctioned and consecrated the conversion, in the hour of their nation's need, as one holy and acceptable in the sight of God.

"We want cannon as greatly as any people who ever, as history tells you, melted their Church bells to supply them; and I, your general, intrusted with the command of the army embodied of your sons, your kinsmen, and your neighbors, do now call on you to send your plantation bells to the nearest railroad depot, subject to my order, to be melted into cannon for the defense of your plantations.

"Who will not cheerfully and promptly send me his bells under such circumstances?

"Be of good cheer; but time is precious.

"G. T. BEAUREGARD, *General Commanding.*"

The War Department issued an order saying that receipts would be given for the bells, a record of the donations kept, and the bells replaced after the war. Depots were designated for the receipt of the bells.

The response was very gratifying. Churches of all denominations gave up their bells. The Catholic bishops, when requested, gave permission for these contributions. The Churches of Huntsville, Ala., pooled their bells, which aggregated 4,259 pounds, or enough for two six-gun batteries. The congregation of the Second Baptist Church, Richmond, by unanimous vote, gave its bells and enough money to purchase the additional metal for a complete battery, to be known as the Second Baptist Battery.

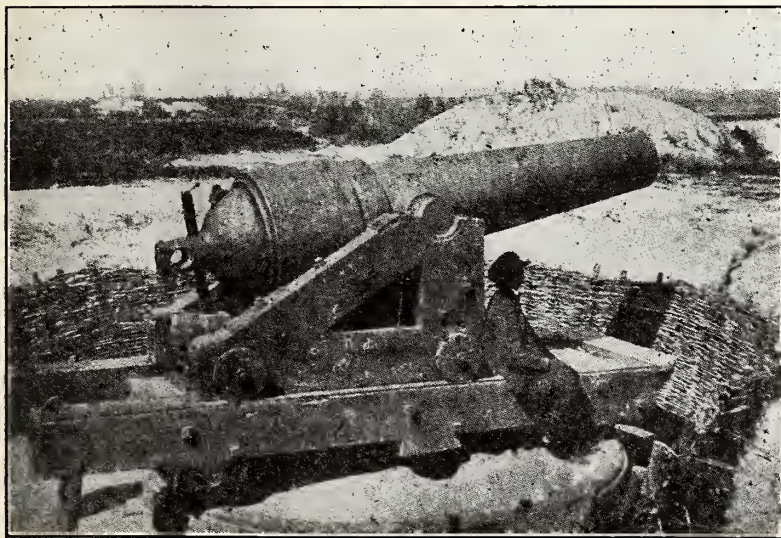
In some instances, alas, the bells thus contributed went astray. When General Butler took possession of New Orleans, he found a lot of Church bells which the Confederates had been unable to remove. These the doughty General sent to Boston, where they were sold at auction.

The cannon in general use in the Federal army and navy were as follows:

Ten-pounder Parrott, caliber 2.90 inches.
Twenty-pounder Parrott, caliber 3.67 inches.
Thirty-pounder Parrott, caliber 4.20 inches.
One-hundred-pounder, caliber 6.40 inches.
Two-hundred-pounder, caliber 8 inches.
Three-hundred-pounder, caliber 10 inches.

General Gorgas, by an order of November 12, 1862, directed that only the following types be cast in the Confederacy:

Twelve-pounder bronze Napoleon, caliber 4.62 inches.



ONE OF THE CONFEDERATE GUNS DEFENDING RICHMOND.

To hold the Federal gunboats back from Richmond, at every point of vantage along the sinuous course of the James River a Confederate battery was placed. This illustration shows a Columbiad, with re-enforced breech, in its emplacement.

(From "Photographic History of the Civil War." Courtesy of the *Review of Reviews*.)

Ten-pounder iron Parrott, caliber 2.90 inches.

Twenty-pounder iron Parrott, caliber 3.67 inches.

Thirty-pounder iron Parrott, caliber 4.20 inches.

These ten-pounder banded Parrotts and twelve-pounder Napoleons were the most popular artillery arms of the Confederacy. The Confederates also developed a mountain rifle of bronze, caliber 2.25 inches, which was highly effective. Both armies imported foreign guns, which were not prescribed by the Ordnance Bureau and which will be described later.

In connection with these twelve-pounder Napoleons, the following is recorded in a biographical sketch of Col. R. Snowden Andrews, edited by the late Tunstall Smith, of Baltimore:

"A few days after the riot of the 19th of April, 1861, in Baltimore, Colonel Andrews went to the Pikesville Armory, near Baltimore, and examined the inspection reports and drawings of the light twelve-pounder Napoleons recently tested and inspected at Chicopee, Mass. He copied the drawings and had models made at a Baltimore foundry.

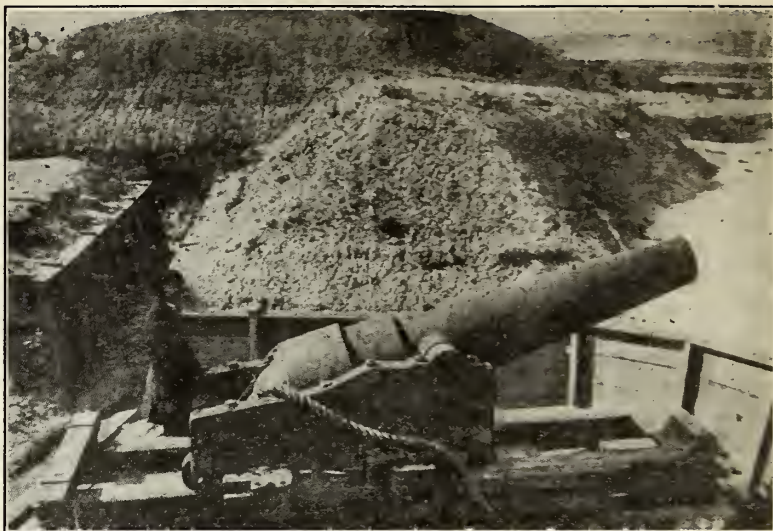
"When it became apparent to him that Maryland was to be overrun by Federal troops before the legislature could act on a secession ordinance, Colonel Andrews went to Virginia and had an interview with Governor Letcher. Letcher at once ordered Colonel Dimmock, the efficient chief of ordnance of the State, to have a battery of the guns made at Tredegar. Two of these guns were ready for the Maryland battery, which Andrews was organizing, when the Washington Artillery of New Orleans arrived in Richmond. This famous organization needed two guns to complete its armament, and Andrews generously turned the two guns over to it. The Washington Artillery used these guns at Manassas. Andrews organized and commanded the 1st Maryland Battery, and later became a colonel. He was the author of an artillery manual which was printed in Charleston and used as a textbook in the Confederacy. He was desperately wounded, but survived the war by many years."

The Pikesville Armory is now the Maryland Line Confederate Soldiers' Home.

As has been said, the Tredegar Iron Works, of Richmond, was the only plant in the Confederacy capable of casting large cannon. Under the guiding genius of Gen. Joseph R. Anderson, the Tredegar plant became the largest cannon foundry in the South. It was at Tredegar that the plates were rolled for the Virginia (Merrimac) and other Confederate ironclads. It was there that the heavy seacoast cannon were made; it was there shells for the first torpedoes used in actual warfare were made; it was there that the Confederacy made breech-loading cannon far in advance of the times; and it was there that Commander John M. Brooke cast and tested his first seven-inch rifled gun.

General Gorgas states that from July 1, 1861, to January 1, 1865, the Richmond Arsenal issued three hundred and forty-one heavy siege guns and one thousand three hundred and ninety-six pieces of field artillery, most of which were made at the Tredegar Iron Works. The cannon made at Tredegar were stamped: "T.F. J.R.A." (Tredegar Foundry, Joseph R. Anderson) and the date of manufacture.

Second in importance only to the Tredegar plant as a cannon foundry was the establishment of Noble Brothers, at Rome, Ga. James Noble settled in Rome in 1855 and started



LOOKING OUT ON THE JAMES RIVER.

A home-made naval gun in Battery Brooke on the James River, whose deadly fire interfered with Butler's "canal." Mounted on old-style wooden carriage.

(From "Photographic History of the Civil War." By courtesy of the *Review of Reviews*.)

a foundry for making grates, mantles, and pipes. At the outbreak of the war the plant began to make cannon, pig iron being supplied from the Cedar Bluffs (Alabama) furnaces. Church bells and household brasses were also used, and the block tin and copper stills confiscated in Georgia were sent to Rome. The guns made at Rome bore the foundry mark: "Noble Bros., Rome, Ga."

The Ordnance Bureau functioned well, and in November, 1863, five thousand and ninety persons, two-thirds of them boys, women, disabled soldiers, and old men, were employed in the various plants. In the year ending September 30, 1863, six hundred and seventy-seven field pieces were issued to the troops.

In August, 1861, it is recorded that outstanding contracts included:

Tredegar Iron Works—thirty-four twelve-pounder howitzers, forty-eight three-inch rifled guns, twenty-four six-pounder iron guns.

Noble Brothers, Rome, Ga.—Six six-pounder brass guns and fifty three-inch iron rifles.

Rice & Wright, Florence, Ala.—Forty twenty-four-pounder howitzers.

J. L. Archer, Black Heath, Va.—Forty twelve-pounder howitzers and eighty three-inch rifles.

F. B. Deane, Jr., & Son, Lynchburg, Va.—Forty twelve-pounder howitzers.

Records and contemporary newspapers show other gun-making activities. General Lovell, in his New Orleans report, says: "No heavy guns were available. I arranged with Leeds & Co., and S. Wolfe & Co., of New Orleans for casting eight- and ten-inch Columbiads and ten-inch seacoast mortars. Only one eight-inch Columbiad and two ten-inch mortars were completed before the evacuation."

General Beauregard wrote to General Gorgas, March 25, 1862: "I desire to have twelve-pounder Napoleons and six-inch rifled guns cast at New Orleans by Leeds & Co., from the city Church bells."

The Phoenix Iron Works, at Gretna, opposite New Orleans, made eight-inch guns for the navy. However, the fall of New Orleans quickly put a stop to activities at that place.

The Official Records show that a Confederate gun, not

classified, captured at Chattanooga, bore the foundry mark "Leeds & Co., N. O."

At Nashville, T. M. Brennan & Co. made light iron guns. Brennan reported, October 28, 1861, that his plant, the Claiborne Machine Works, could turn out fifteen six- and twelve-pounder field pieces and three siege guns up to thirty-two pounders a week. Union reports record the capture in 1864 of two four-inch guns stamped "T. M. Brennan, Nashville, Tenn."

Colin McRae established a cannon foundry at Selma, Ala., which was taken over by the government. Commander Brooke fabricated and banded many of his guns at that plant.

The foundry of J. D. and C. N. Findlay, at Macon, Ga., was taken over by the government in 1862. Fine twelve-pounder Napoleons were turned out there. Brass field pieces were made by the Columbus (Ga.) Iron Works; Parrott guns by Street & Hungerford, Memphis, Tenn.; and iron guns by A. D. Brown, Columbus, Ga. Other gunmakers were: J. Clark, New Orleans, Ellis & Co., Nashville, and "A. B. R. & Bro." Vicksburg.

At the Augusta Arsenal, one hundred and ten twelve-pounder bronze Napoleons were made. Guns were also made at Huntsville, Ala.

According to Jennings C. Wise's work, "The Long Arm of Lee," one of the most minute and painstaking histories of a phase of the war that was ever penned, Lee's artillery at Gettysburg consisted of two hundred and forty-four guns, classified as follows: One hundred and three three-inch rifles; one hundred and seven twelve-pounder Napoleons; thirty twelve-pounder howitzers; and four six-inch Whitworth rifles.

The Gettysburg Battle Field Commission has converted that historic field into one of the most remarkable outdoor museums to be found in the world. The position occupied by each Federal and Confederate battery is marked by guns of the same type used by that unit. There are in this magnificent park two hundred and thirty-three Union guns to mark the positions of Meade's three hundred and seventy cannon, and one hundred and eighty-two Confederate guns to mark the Confederate batteries.

The Confederate guns are as follows: Sixty-eight twelve-pounder Napoleons; fifty three-inch rifles; twenty-nine ten-pounder Parrotts; eight twenty-pounder Parrotts; twenty-one twelve-pounder howitzers; two twenty-four pounder howitzers; and four Whitworths.

It will be noted that Mr. Wise makes no mention of twenty-pounder Parrotts or twenty-four pounder howitzers. The so-called Parrotts on the battle field nearly all bear the Tredegar Foundry marks. Many of the bronze pieces are stamped "Macon" (Ga.). It will be noted also that Wise lists the English Whitworth rifles as being of six-inch caliber. In various museums are Whitworth shot found on the battle field of Gettysburg, and invariably they are only about half that caliber.

Gen. D. H. Hill speaks of a six-inch Whitworth, with a range of three miles, in use in the early part of 1862.

Both North and South purchased artillery in Europe. Major Huse, of the Confederate army, went abroad in the spring of 1861. By the early part of 1863 he had purchased one hundred and twenty-nine pieces of artillery in Europe. These included:

Fifty-four six-pounder smooth bore bronze guns; eighteen smooth bore bronze howitzers; six rifled 2.10-inch Blakely guns; twelve twelve-pounder rifled steel guns; thirty-two bronze rifled Austrian guns; two bronze rifles; three Blakely rifles, eight inch.

Colonel Lamb, commandant at Fort Fisher, N. C., reported August 21, 1863:

"The Gibraltar came in this week with two of the largest cannon that I know of in the world, twenty-three tons, throwing a seven-hundred pound bolt with a forty-pound charge."

General Gorgas describes these guns as Blakelys, of 13.5 caliber. They were placed in position at Charleston and one of them cracked at the first shot. It was repaired, however, and used. These guns were built up on a wrought iron cylinder, closed at the breech with a brass screw plug thirty inches long. The cylinder was built up by three jackets, each shorter than its predecessor, and each jacket three inches thick.

The *Richmond Daily Examiner*, of October 19, 1861, says: "Two twelve-pounder Blakely steel rifled guns are at the station stamped: 'Fawcett, Preston & Co., Liverpool.'"

In the fine museum which is being built up at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis there has been preserved fine specimens of the three types of English guns used in the Confederacy. There is an eight-inch Armstrong rifle from Fort Fisher, N. C.; a Blakely rifle from Fort Fisher, and an 80-pounder Whitworth rifle from Morris Island, Charleston. The last-mentioned is marked: "Whitworth Ordnance Company, 126 patent. 1862. Manchester."

There was at Fort Fisher, according to the records, a 150-pounder rifled gun, mounted on a magnificent mahogany chassis and carriage, with elaborate brass mountings, which had been presented to President Davis by Sir William Armstrong, the British cannon manufacturer.

The official records and newspaper accounts regarding these imported guns are confusing. Apparently, the small Whitworths, of 2.75 caliber and sometimes referred to as twelve-pounders, were breech loaders. One of these was used by the Confederates in the bombardment of Fort Sumter in 1861. A similar one was captured by the Federals on Morris Island in 1864.

The Federals also used two eighty-pounder Whitworths in the siege of Charleston.

Two Blakely rifles, 4.5 caliber, and referred to as twenty-four pounders were captured at Fort Pulaski in 1862. The Blakely rifle at Fort Fisher is referred to as of 8.125 caliber, Confederate officers say the Blakely guns at Charleston were unsatisfactory.

References have been made to the Brooke, or Parrott, guns. The plan of shrinking a wrought-iron band on the breech of a cast-iron gun was tried out before the war by Colonel Parrott of the United States army. After the outbreak of the war, Commander John M. Brooke, designer of the Confederate ironclad Virginia (Merrimac), adopted a similar plan, which was of great importance to the Confederates because it enabled them to make use of the many old cast-iron Columbiads. The three-inch rifles made in the Confederacy were also on the Brooke system.

The largest guns used in the War between the States were the fifteen-inch Rodmans used on the ironclads. Similar guns were mounted at Fortress Monroe and Battery Rodgers, near Alexandria, for the defense of Washington. The Federals also made a 20-inch Rodman at Pittsburgh, which was mounted for the defense of New York, but it was never used in action.

Mrs. M. E. Grimstead, of Sherman, Tex., is ninety-two years old, but still has good eyes, "so am able to read the VETERAN and enjoy it. Am always glad to get a number, and find so many reminders of the sixties.

LIFE AT FORT WAGNER.

BY CAPT. S. A. ASHE, RALEIGH, N. C.

The holding of Wagner is one of the memorable incidents in warfare. Charleston's capacious harbor runs east to Sumter, then turns due south, on the west side being Morris Island, an extensive marsh with many meandering creeks. The waters of one creek ran south, with a narrow strip of sand hills between them and the ocean. Battery Gregg was at the northern extremity of these sand hills, which, constituting the beach, narrowed until, more than a mile away, it was only some thirty yards wide, then widening, it continued on some three miles to its extremity. Federal demonstrations against the city had been by way of James Island, and it was not thought that an attack would be made by Morris Island, so that approach to the city had been neglected. However, in the summer of 1862, two engineers, Capt. F. D. Lee and Langdon Cheves, had other notions, and, selecting a site about a thousand yards from Battery Gregg, where the ridge was only two hundred and fifty yards wide and the sand hills high, they created a fortification of remarkable strength.

Beginning at the ocean edge was a two-gun battery sweeping down the beach, then came the ocean face, the parapet being twenty feet above the floor level, with three heavy traverses separating the gun chambers and extending back until they connected with an interior bombproof; under each traverse being a small room for magazines and headquarters. The land face retreated at a right angle, but changed direction to command the approach, finally resting on the creek. Along the beach battery and sea face was a moat, by flood gates kept filled with water from the high tides, while the glacis gradually sloped to the front. The interior bombproof for the garrison was hardly sufficiently capacious, but, on the whole, the fort was of marvelous strength. The armament consisted of one 10-inch Columbiad and a dozen smaller guns placed to repel a land attack. It was named for Major Wagner, a member of the celebrated firm of John Frazer & Co., a man of great capacity, energy, and intelligence, who devoted himself to the defense of his native city. Whatever promised to be of use, he pressed and urged until it was accomplished. Unhappily, by the bursting of a gun which was being tested, he was mortally wounded. He was the most useful citizen of Charleston.

There were no important fortifications at the end of the island, nothing to prevent landing. On July 10, the Federals landed and, easily taking possession, rapidly advanced to within gunshot of Wagner. Simultaneously with this advance, the fleet opened on Wagner, the small garrison replying with avidity. Now the authorities acted. At once some 1,300 additional men were thrown into the fort with instructions to be prepared for a night assault. In the morning, about four o'clock, it came. The defense was incomparable. When light broke, the blue coats were seen seeking the shelter of the distant hills. Then for five days the Federals erected batteries with heavy rifled cannon and mortars about sixteen hundred yards from Wagner.

On the 18th, eleven vessels and the batteries began a bombardment, twenty shells each minute for eight hours. A night attack followed. But the advancing column had to pass along the narrow beach which the Confederate fire swept. The repulse was terrific. "Four thousand men had dashed against the fort: when reformed within the Federal lines only six hundred answered to their names."

Now began an incessant rain of shot and shell, and there were such difficulties in holding the position that evacuation was recommended, and was being favorably considered, when Captain Chichester, of the Charleston Artillery, who had

steadily remained at the guns, came to the city and remonstrated. Neither Beauregard, nor Ripley, nor, indeed, any of their staffs, had been to Wagner and seen its capacity to endure; but some of the interior batteries commanding the harbor had not been entirely completed, and Beauregard asked that Wagner should be held only three or four days longer, when they would be ready for defense. Chichester prevailed.

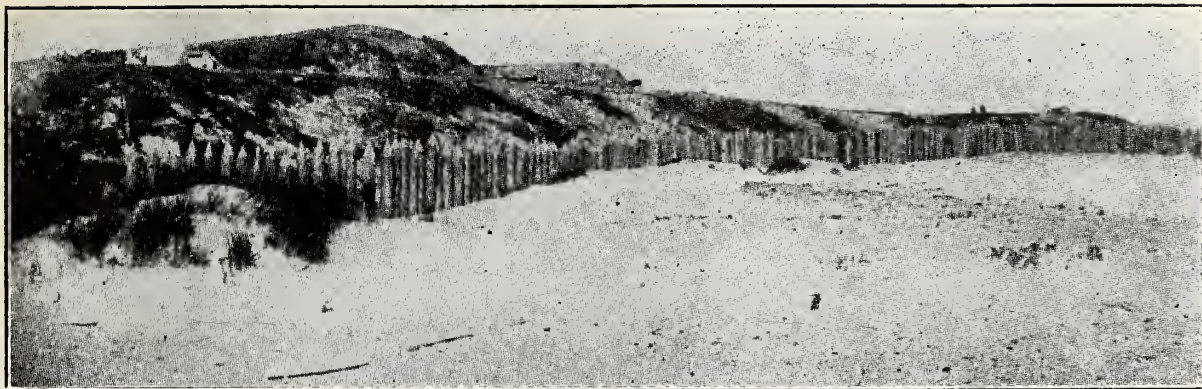
He was designated as Chief of Artillery, and he joyfully hastened back. Lieut. Edmund Mazick and I were, in special orders, assigned as alternate ordnance officers, and arrangements were made for holding the fort. The garrison was to be changed every third night; and provisions, water, and other supplies were to be brought every night by a steamer to Cummings Point where was Battery Gregg. There was no communication by day except by the signal stations. Sometimes the commanding officer remained longer than three days. Generally there was no engineer officer; and no other officers but of the regiments. The necessary work in repairing at night the damage done by the Federal fire was supervised by the colonels of the several regiments, except that relating to the armament.

Captain Chichester had erected an aerie for himself, where he was at first much on the watch. But human endurance has its limit, and he fell ill. The ordnance officers were the only regular officers of the station, either Mazick or I being there the whole time. At night it was our work to remove the broken gun carriages and replace them, often requiring the aid of one or two hundred men to move them over the heavy traverses, while the little Coehorn mortar shells were dropping around us. In the day we managed to keep the supplies of ammunition ready and to snatch some sleep. It certainly was our lot to have the experience. Night and day, with scarcely an intermission, the shells would come, while, generally, with dawn the ironsides and monitors would deliver terrific broadsides, seeking to prevent breakfast.

In the meantime the Federal land forces were constructing parallels and making their approach. The garrison was ever ready for what might come next. At times, after a long bombardment, it would be found that seven feet of sand had been removed from the top of the bombproof and traverses, and the whole structure would shake on the falling of a shell.

The accuracy of the Federal fire can be judged by the following circumstances: On the creek side of the land face there was an 8-inch howitzer. A shot aimed at it struck the muzzle, driving the gun back. The officer in command had it run up again. The second shot entered its bore and disabled the gun. One day I was coming along the hard beach from Cummings Point, the batteries firing at Sumter or Moultrie, a mile or more away. They altered the elevation, cut the fuze, and, when I was in line, a shell burst twenty feet from me, a fragment passing between my legs. One of the great traverses between the gun chambers on the parapet extended on to the top of the bombproof, making a covered way, say, twenty feet long, nine feet high, which was considered humanly safe. The Federals had the habit of shooting on each side of that traverse, the projectile falling so as to penetrate the adjacent bombproof. Generally, there were no engineer officers, but one day Captain Wampler, having come from the Western army, was sent over. After looking around the fort, he took a seat in this covered way and began a letter to his wife; a shell came over the parapet and, bursting at the right second, a piece cut Captain Wampler in half, and his dead body crumpled up under the table.

Their sharpshooters were skillful, and when a man exposed himself he drew a rifle fire. However, we could go them one better as to that. I had been instrumental in having our



A VIEW OF FORT WAGNER.

(From "Photographic History of the Civil War." By courtesy of the *Review of Reviews*.)

agent in England, Major Huse, obtain for us some telescopes for rifles, and he sent besides half a dozen Whitworth rifles with telescopes affixed. Two were given me. I had some sand bags removed from a wall, leaving two holes, at each of which a marksman with a Whitworth rifle stood ready to fire. A hat raised on a ramrod drew the fire of some Federal sharpshooter, who then would look to see the effect—and quick would come the Whitworth bullet. Those guns were fatal at fifteen hundred yards. Nor had our single 10-inch Columbiad been useless. Admiral Dahlgren said: "The duties of the ironclads were not performed under idle batteries; the guns of Wagner never failed to open on them. One of their cannon, a 10-inch, left deep dents in every turret that will not be easily effaced. On August 17, the ironclads were struck thirty-one times, mostly from Wagner and Gregg."

On August 2, it happened that all of our guns were out of business, and I was very anxious to get one to keep up our fire the next day. I finally got the 10-inch Columbiad in order, but it was found that the carriage would not work in and out of gear. Something had to be done. I was so eager to be in readiness to keep up that Maj. Henry Bryan, Assistant Adjutant General on Beauregard's staff, a most efficient officer then at Wagner, wrote a note to Colonel Rhett commanding Fort Sumter (which note is before me now), and I took the parts over to Sumter for the mechanics to remedy the trouble. I went on the night steamboat, at about half past eleven o'clock, getting off at Sumter. Fortunately, a gentleman who had been on duty at Sumter some months earlier, a friend of Colonel Rhett's, was also going to see him, and we went together to his quarters. On entering, there was no person present but the Colonel. When he saw us he arose and, with much agitation, threw his arms around the other gentleman's neck, exclaiming: "O, they have ruined my beautiful fort! They have ruined my beautiful fort!" He had taken such a pride in Sumter, and it had been so destroyed by the terrific bombardment that the poor Colonel was unmanned. He had me attended to and then took me back to Morris Island in his own rowboat; and in the morning our Columbiad made answer to the Federal's early fire.

A vessel had recently slipped in in whose cargo were some limes and rum. The terrific violence of this attack led General Beauregard to ask Colonel Keitt, then commanding: "Can you hold the fort another day?" The Colonel, who was a real good fellow, as well as a fine officer, replied: "If you will send over a few limes and some rum and sugar and a little water, we will hold the fort another day." That was August 3, and we held it for more than a month.

One day was very much like another, unless it was worse.

The constant shelling, the scarcity of supplies, the difficulties of the situation, the expediences resorted to, taxing ingenuity to the utmost, and the heavy night work in repairing damages, the working parties swarming everywhere to restore the parapet, the traverses, and the bombproof, where, on one occasion, seven feet of the sand covering had been displaced. All these tried the souls of men, but I have no recollection of there being a single failure in anyone to do his duty promptly, although the garrison was changed a dozen times while I was there. "Nor was the garrison inactive. For the blows received blows were given. Several monitors retired worsted and were never seen again."

Later there was no steamboat to transport the men and provisions, and that was done by small boats furnished chiefly by the navy. In the meanwhile, the Federals had been busy making their approach by parallels. By August 9, the third parallel was finished, the head being about five hundred yards from Wagner. However, halfway between was a high sand ridge, which we occupied with sharpshooters, and on the 21st the Federals, after heavy firing all day, a shot every second, at dark made an attack with the hayonets, but were repulsed. Four days later a second assault, and again the Federals were driven back; but communication with the city was now interrupted, and reinforcements and supplies could not be brought over, and an overwhelming force eventually captured the ridge. The Federals now redoubled their work constructing their parallels, while still maintaining the daily bombardment. It was at this period of repose that an interesting collateral incident occurred. On Sunday, about August 26, I was off duty and at my quarters on Sullivan's Island. Major Bryan, who was one of the most devoted and efficient officers I ever knew, and, doubtless, largely the eyes and hands of General Beauregard, came over to our headquarters with the purpose of establishing some caches farther down the island. Circumstances interfered, so, abandoning that, he suggested going to inspect the sea walls of Fort Sumter. The introduction of rifled cannon had brought new conditions. Granite masonry cannot withstand the terrific impact, and it was desirable to see the effect on the walls of Sumter. I got a boat and two men, and we went to the front of Sumter. The current being out, we drifted about two hundred yards slowly along the sea face, the projectiles passing above us. After drifting beyond the line of fire, we rowed back, and drifted down again. This we continued to repeat for more than half an hour, until the Major was content with his observations. When at length he was satisfied, I raised sail and took him to the city. Projectiles frequently passed a few feet over our heads and, striking the masonry, fragments of stone were hurled here and there.

I suppose that was the only inspection ever made in the history of warfare under similar conditions by an inspecting officer.

By day and night the Federals worked on their trenches, and as they neared Wagner, they opened a terrific fire and with powerful calcium lights blinded the defenders. At length they pushed forward their approach to the very moat of the fort, so that I could have tossed a biscuit into their trench. The crisis had come. Wagner was but an outpost. It could no longer be provisioned and supplied with water. An assault by vastly superior numbers and a hand-to-hand conflict was imminent.

With heroism and fortitude, the garrison had held the outpost until the last extremity. The interior defences had been completed, the outpost was no longer necessary. General Beauregard determined that the gallant soldiers there should not be sacrificed. On Sunday, the 6th of September, it was considered that the fort should be evacuated, preparations were made, and the evacuation was successfully carried out. It happened that in regular course, Lieutenant Mazick had relieved me a day or two before, so the evacuation was made while he was on duty. It was the fifty-eighth day of the siege. The movement was happily executed; with such quietude were the men withdrawn that the alert Federals, hardly a hundred feet away, did not realize what was passing.

The next morning they were amazed to find that Wagner, and, indeed, Battery Gregg, as well, were abandoned. And Beauregard was right. Holding Morris Island was then not necessary for the safety of Charleston. Charleston was held for eighteen months longer, until Sherman reached Columbia, when, under orders, it was evacuated, the garrison reaching Sherman's front at Fayetteville. And they fought him desperately at Bentonville.

ARIZONA, DIXIE'S VALENTINE.

BY LILLIAN L. CAVE, LONG BEACH, CALIF.

Southerners traveling westward on the Southern Pacific Railroad pass practically all the way over ground upon which was made Confederate history in the Far West. Mesilla, N. Mex., has the distinction of being the most western Confederate capital; Picache Pass, Ariz., saw the extreme western conflict of the war, and the Arizona-California boundary marks the limits of the Confederacy's western territory. True, the records of this campaign lack the grand sweep of battle, when great armies met as at Manassas, Chickamauga, and Antietam, but we do see a mere handful of men marching into a strange country, infested with hostile Indians and broken by rough mountains and vast deserts, yet pressing on with such sublime faith in the ultimate triumph of the outnumbered and ill-prepared Confederacy that they made this strenuous march in order to carve out a great western empire for Southern expansion. So high was the hopes of these men that some among them, notably Col. John R. Baylor, as late as 1864, begged assistance from the Richmond government in recruiting "from fifteen to twenty thousand men in New Mexico, Arizona, and Southern California" to reinforce the failing Confederacy. Among the names prominent in this movement during the four years of war we find James A. Lucas, M. H. McWillie, E. Angerstein, George M. Frazier, H. C. Cook, Frank Higgins, J. A. Roberts, Major Sibley, and Col. W. H. Loring, U. S. A., Southern sympathizer, and later of Egyptian fame as Loring Pasha.

In 1861, a convention was held in Tucson which declared Arizona a part of the Confederacy and established the capital at Mesilla, now a part of New Mexico. A recent picture of the

old Mesilla courthouse, Confederate headquarters and still standing, shows a plain, flat-roofed, adobe building of the type then in vogue and still frequently seen in old landmarks through the Southwest. A military government was formed with Colonel Baylor as governor. Granville H. Oury was elected delegate to the Southern Congress in August of the same year, and took his seat January 18, 1862, only to be succeeded, March 11, by Marcus H. McWillie, who continued to represent Arizona until the close of the war. President Davis soon removed Colonel Baylor from office, having disapproved of an incident connected with his conduct of the Territory's Indian affairs, and Baylor returned to his old district in Texas, from whence he was sent to the Confederate Congress. An enabling act, making Arizona Confederate territory, was passed by the Congress, and became effective upon presidential proclamation, signed by Jefferson Davis, February 14, 1862. It is an interesting coincidence that just half a century later, the Territory was admitted to statehood and is known as the "Valentine State."

Early in 1862, a force of two or three hundred Texans, under Capt. S. Hunter, marched westward from Mesilla, with Yuma as their objective. They reached Tucson and pressed on as far as the Pima villages, where they found a government agent named White buying wheat from the Indians. The wheat was confiscated and returned to its original owners, while White was returned to the Rio Grande, together with a Captain McCleave, of the 1st California Column, who, with nine of his men, had been surprised and captured by Captain Hunter's force. Many Union sympathizers fled into Mexico upon the approach of the Confederates, but their fears were unfounded, since as honorable warfare was carried on by our troops in the West as in Virginia under General Lee himself. Captain Hunter's report to Colonel Baylor speaks of heavy storms encountered during their march and of the death of one of his men, Benjamin Mayo, at the San Simon River. He also mentions the names of a Colonel Reilly and a Captain Tevis. The Confederate flag floated farthest west, February 28, 1862, when it was raised at old Tucson (the only walled city ever built in the United States), by Captain Hunter and his troops immediately upon their arrival. An Indian attack was being expected by the residents of the town and this, together with the strong Southern sentiment rampant among them, led them to greet the little Confederate force enthusiastically. An inspiring and impressive sight the Southern flag must have been to these people so far from the homeland that was being trampled by the invader.

The civilians amidst the attentive troop,
In reverence, watched their emblem droop,
As if each rough-sewn seam breathed tenderly,
And to loyal hearts, it seems to say:
"Though my cloth may appear so still and mute,
To each Southron true I bring salute
From courageously battling kith and kin,
Who struggle strong in war's mad din.
Noble Lee stands guard on Virginia's shore,
And Jackson marches to war once more.
To westward, the veteran, Sterling Price,
Maneuvers his troops with skill precise.
Reinforced by Shelby, of Kentucky blood,
He valiantly stems the Northern flood.
Lift up your eyes and cast out fear,
God reigns above and your troops stand near."
Then the bold west wind that loves the brave,
Catches its folds and raises them, wave on wave;
Flaunts them, brilliant and high, on the mountainside,

As they make their claim to the country wide:
 "From each streamlet cool to the burning sand,
 I maintain Dixie's claim to this Far West land."
 On San Xavier, the cross of Ryan's faith,
 Gleams 'gainst darkening hills like a holy wraith,
 As if fraught with his spirit from afar,
 It beams blessing soft on each Star and Bar.
 The sun drops low and night comes down
 Over Old Tucson, adobe-walled and brown;
 Its populace, with fears all fled,
 And lightened hearts, repair to bed.
 The moon mounts aloft to the Milky Way
 And views the land where peace holds sway.

May 29, 1862, Colonel Baylor was authorized to raise five battalions of Arizona troops. Records are meager, but it is supposed that that number was enlisted. At least, there were units of Arizona forces, since our Division President, Mrs. Emma Cole Robbins, in securing her father's record from the United States War Department, found that he first enlisted with Arizona troops. There was much Southern sentiment in New Mexico, Colorado, and Southern California also, but, according to Farish's "History of Arizona," there was in these States, particularly in New Mexico, a prejudice against Texas for some reason, which kept many out of the Confederate forces, as the far Western movement was being led principally by Texans, whose unswerving loyalty and devotion deserve the highest praise.

The Confederate invasion of Arizona, which seems to have begun so auspiciously, was frustrated by the California column, 1,800 strong, that marched from Yuma and prevented Captain Hunter from reaching that place, which would have put him in possession of the entire territory. Capt. William Calloway, California Column, was sent up the Gila with a strong force to rescue Captain McCleave. At the Pima village he heard of a Confederate detachment of sixteen under Lieut. Jack Swilling, a Georgian, and sent Lieutenant Barrett, with a force of twelve, to cut them off. The Unionists invaded a chaparral thicket in search of Swilling and his men, and found them, losing their leader with two of his men, while the Confederate loss was two. This was the only skirmish of the campaign and occurred at El Picacho, April 5, 1862. Captain Hunter and his little band were forced to retreat to the Rio Grande, leaving Tucson to fall into the hands of the enemy.

One of the first acts of the California Column was the arrest of Sylvester Mowrey, Southern sympathizer, who was charged with "a treasonable complicity with rebels. Mr. Mowrey resided at his mine, ninety miles from Tucson, and was imprisoned for six months at Fort Yuma, but never brought to trial, "there being no evidence," in the opinion of the court, "either oral or documentary against him." Mowrey himself declared that his arrest and incarceration were prompted by personal spite on the part of General Carleton, commander of the Union forces in Arizona. The Mowrey mine was confiscated at the time of the arrest and later returned to its owner in a worthless condition. Charles O. Brown, an Arizona pioneer, has stated that Lieut. Col. J. R. West, of the California Column, military commander of Tucson, once asked to meet him just outside the town walls. Brown feared an arrest, but went. West asked him why he did not leave Tucson with the Confederates and was told that Brown was a New Yorker and had considered he might as well remain in Arizona. West then offered him the exclusive right to sell liquor and run a gambling hall in Tucson. An agreement was finally reached by which Brown paid West five hundred dollars per month for this privilege, the only

restriction being that he should not allow an intoxicated soldier to purchase liquor.

After the war, Lieut. Jack Swilling, of Captain Hunter's little force, returned to Arizona and led the first white men into the famous Salt River Valley, where he superintended the construction of the first two canals, which are now a part of the great system under the Roosevelt Dam, most successful government irrigation project in the United States. It is this, of which a Confederate laid the foundations, which gives Maricopa, the county in which it is situated, its place as eleventh in agricultural wealth among all the counties of the United States. The name of Swilling is always gratefully remembered when our pioneers and their descendants congregate and talk over deeds of the old days.

Those wild old pioneer days are o'er,
 The Apache rides on his raids no more,
 And we, of the present, still marvel and gaze
 At the reclaimed land in deep amaze.
 While o'er fields and homes of the countryside,
 The sun shines bright on our valley wide.
 As we fondly salute our "Valentine State,"
 Pray that she ever be strong and great.
 May our thoughts stray back to that Southern pioneer,
 On his grave drop a flower, shed a grateful tear.
 Let us trust that on Western virtues true,
 With their square independence and projects new,
 The sapphire blue of the Arizona sky
 May reflect the glory of a day gone by,
 When Confederates marched toward the Western Sea,
 And tempered their warfare with chivalry.
 To the Western heart that is sturdy and bold
 Add the softer grace of a land that is old,
 For, "six-gun" man of the old frontier,
 Or, lithe steel swordsman, the Cavalier,
 Southern blood goes back to England far,
 To the stately plumes of old Navarre,
 And chivalry's light still may beam and glow,
 In hearts bold and pure as the driven snow.

FLORIDA FLAGS OF THE CONFEDERACY

In the State House at Tallahassee, Fla., are many prized relics of Florida's part in the War between the States, and of these are a number of Confederate flags returned by the War Department at Washington. A list of these flags shows the following:

Two battle flags of the 8th Florida Infantry.

Flag of the 2nd Florida Infantry.

Flag of the 6th Florida Infantry.

Flag of the 4th Florida Infantry.

Flag of the Apalachicola Guards.

Flag of the 5th Florida Infantry. This regiment was commanded by Col. Thompson B. Lamar, and this flag was deposited in the Adjutant General's office at Tallahassee by Hon. W. B. Lamar.

Flag of the 18th Florida Infantry, captured at the battle of Sailor's Creek, April 6, 1865, by Private Daniel Woods, Company K, 1st Virginia Veteran Volunteer Cavalry, 3rd Brigade, 3rd Cavalry Division, General Custer commanding.

JOHN BROOKE OF TAMPA.

BY VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE, POET LAUREATE, U. C. V

Night—and the hull of a frigate,
Sunk deep in the salty weed;
Night—and the mind of a master,
Weighing his country's need.

Long guns, and rifled guns,
And rivetted clamps of steel;
And the master's dream of an armored thing
To rise from the sunken keel.

Night—and the hull of a frigate,
Lapped by the ocean's lips;
With the enemy sweeping the water
In the pride of his wooden ships.

Long guns, and rifled guns,
And rivetted clamps of steel,
Beat in on the mind of the master,
As the tides beat in on the keel.

And they raised the hull from the seaweed,
And salvaged the ancient wreck;
And the master forged her an iron coat,
And roofed in her quarterdeck.

And he manned her ports with his rifled guns—
Guns clean and smooth in the bore;
And wrought her a beak like a sharpened blade,
To stab to the enemy's core.

Long guns, and rifled guns,
And iron coats of mail;
And she dared the fleet in Hampton Roads
To taste her leaden hail.

She met the enemy starboard,
Unharmd by the fire he poured;
And drove her beak in his wooden sides,
With the rip of a two-edged sword.

Long guns, and rifled guns,
And ships with flags all furled;
John Brooke had revolutionized
The navies of the world.

(This poem was read by the author at the reunion in Tampa, Fla., April, 1927.)

JOHN MERCER BROOKE.

John Mercer Brooke, soldier, sailor, scientist, and inventor, was born at Tampa Bay, Fla., in 1826. He became a midshipman in the United States Navy in 1841, was graduated from Annapolis in 1847, and from 1851 to 1853 was stationed at the Naval Observatory, where he invented the deep-sea sounding lead, an achievement which brought to him the gold medal of science of the University of Berlin. Subsequently, he served with Ringgold's exploring expedition in the Pacific Ocean and engaged in marine surveys off the coast of Japan.

When war came on in 1861 John Brooke resigned his commission as lieutenant in the United States navy and was assigned to the Ordnance Department of the Confederate States. He submitted drawings to Secretary Mallory of an ironclad war vessel, with submerged ends, and had charge of devising, preparing, and testing the armor and ordnance for the famous

Virginia (Merrimac), first of the ironclad vessels of war, whose spectacular career introduced the Confederate navy to the world. Later he was promoted to commander and made Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance and Hydrography and continued to render important service to the close of the war. Soon after that he was appointed to a professorship in the Virginia Military Institute. He was the inventor of the Brooke gun, which was one of the most serviceable used in the Confederate navy.—*From Sketch in the Confederate Military History.*

SEA POWER IN THE SIXTIES.

(Extracts from Memorial Day address by Josephus Daniels, at Beaufort, N. C., May 10.)

Sea power has rarely asserted its primacy in any war more effectively than in the battle of brothers in the sixties. There were not many encounters in that titanic struggle between fleets, for indeed the South had no fleet. The most spectacular sea fights were duels, the most outstanding being when the Merrimac (Virginia) and Monitor came to the death grapple in Hampton Roads. This is not to say that the battle of Mobile Bay, the long-waged combats on the Mississippi, the capture of Federal ships on the high seas by sea daring equal to Stonewall Jackson's dashing encounters on land, did not challenge the courage and initiative of the men who go down to the sea in ships, and that they did not meet in these and other encounters that challenge in a way to write new and glorious pages of naval achievement. But just as the British navy's chief objective in the World War was to bottle up the German ports and starve out the civilian population, so the time came when the Federal government perceived that the Confederacy could not be defeated unless a cordon of ships around its seaports could isolate it from all sources of supplies. It seems the very irony of fate that the largest and best ships that sealed Southern ports and won victories over Southern ships were built by the direction and during the administration of James C. Dobbin, the North Carolina Secretary of the Navy, in the administration of Franklin Pierce.

Mr. Dobbin was one of the ablest Secretaries of the Navy the country has ever had," said Admiral Dewey to me when I went to Washington in 1913. The Admiral had entered the naval service during Mr. Dobbin's incumbency. "During his administration of the Navy Department," Admiral Dewey wrote me, "we built eighteen of the finest ships of their class that there were built in the world—six frigates of the Wabash class, six sloops of the Hartford class, and six third-class sloops of the Iroquois class." It was the confidence of Farragut in the ships built by Dobbin that caused him at a critical moment to give the memorable order, "Damn the torpedoes, go ahead," an order which his subordinate in that fight, George Dewey, never forgot. It was indeed the inspiration of Commodore Dewey as he steamed into Manila Bay that May morning and won a victory which sounded the death knell of Spanish hopes.

I do not assert that the Confederate government could have prevailed. The odds in population and ships and factories and mechanical skill (and the lack of ships and mechanical skill were chief) seem far too large to have been overcome. But if the government set up in 1861 had been as strong in its sea fighting units as it was strong in numbers on the land, who may say when the struggle would have come to an end? Or, who shall confidently assert what the end would have been? Gen. Hilary A. Herbert, Confederate soldier, who was Secretary of the Navy in Cleveland's cabinet, said in an address at the Naval War College in 1896:

"Had the Confederacy, instead of the United States, been able to exercise dominion over the sea; had it been able to keep open its means of communication with the countries of the Old World, to send its cotton abroad and to bring back supplies of which it stood in so much need; had it been able to blockade Portland, Boston, New York, Newport, the mouth of the Delaware, and the entrance of Chesapeake Bay; had it possessed the sea power to prevent the United States from dispatching by water into Virginia its armies and their supplies, it is not too much to say that such a reversal of conditions would have reversed the outcome of the war."

It was only when the Southern troops lacked food and guns and practically all the equipment of warfare and necessities of life that they surrendered to superior force. And it was the Federal navy that drew its lines so tightly around the South as to reduce its people to a point where want stalked in most homes, the sick were without medicine or nourishment. It was the Federal navy that made Lee's surrender inevitable even if Grant's "fight it out on this line if it takes all summer" had not made his army all powerful. Just as long as the Confederate ships could successfully run the blockade there were guns and supplies. Confederate diplomacy effected exchange of cotton, needed by England and Europe, for the war implements and supplies needed in the South. You can read the slowly retreating and suffocating of the South better by the driving of blockade runners from the sea than from the tightening of the Federal lines on land.

There is no parallel in audacity and daring afloat, except by John Paul Jones, like that of men of the Confederate navy, if that small arm of the service could be called a navy when the war began. In May, 1861, Raphael Semmes says that he "assumed command of the whole navy of the Confederate States of America—one merchant screw steamer of 500 tons burthen." However, after being fitted as a man-of-war (she had been a packet ship between New Orleans and Havana) the Sumter soon gained world-wide celebrity on the seas, and within a few months had captured scores of United States ships and sent terror to other shipping in Southern waters.

In proof that the South had not provided against the day, Raphael Semmes records that immediately upon his reporting to President Davis on February 20, 1861, "Mr. Davis explained to me his plan of sending me back to the City of Washington, and thence into Northern States, to gather together, with as much haste as possible, such persons and materials of war as might be of most pressing necessity." Semmes tells us that "so exclusively had the manufacture of all those articles been confined to the Northern States, we had not even percussion caps enough to enable us to fight a battle, or the mechanics with which to make them, although we had captured all the forts and arsenals within our limits except Fort Sumter and Fort MacRae." As further evidence of the paucity of naval equipment, Semmes was commissioned to buy two or more steamers, but though he was able to buy percussion caps and batteries of light artillery, powder, and other munitions in New York, he was unable to secure a single ship of any character. Virginia had not yet seceded. The possession of the Norfolk navy yard later did bring considerable help to the Confederacy, but that was not because it had been stocked for the purpose, for it had only the equipment needed for a yard of its class.

"The Confederacy had entered upon this conflict for independence without a navy," says Secretary Herbert; "it struggled manfully to create one. It constructed here and there good ships and fought them gallantly, but they were unequal to the forces they were to meet. The career of destruction upon which the Merrimac (Virginia) had suc-

cessfully entered at Hampton Roads was arrested by the Monitor. It was not long after this combat that the Confederates felt compelled to destroy their famous vessel to prevent its falling into the hands of the United States."

Why is it that the effective part played by the Federal navy has never been known or understood and that historians have almost lost sight of it in their account of the magnitude of the operations of the armies? One answer is the same as is true of all naval operations and all naval movements in war, as the poet has sung of those who man fighting ships:

"Their feats, their fortune, and their fame
Are hidden from their nearest kin;
No eager public backs or blames,
No journal prints the yarns they spin;
Unheard they work, unseen they win."

In the War between the States the naval operations were necessarily surrounded with the utmost secrecy. If knowledge of movements of fighting ships or ships running the blockade had reached the enemy, capture would have followed. This enforced secrecy denied knowledge of the naval feats to the people of the North and the South as it did in the World War. This is one reason why the naval achievements never receive the early appreciation of the people.

There was another reason. The men in the army reached to hundreds of thousands, they were in touch by letter with their homes, graphic stories of the battles were emblazoned in the journals that everybody read, and the very magnitude of their operations fired the imagination and evoked the enthusiasm of the people of both sections. As the darkened ship, effecting to escape the blockade patrol, put out to sea, nobody heralded its departure, no journal told of its eluding the vigilance of its pursuers, or that it was overhauled and captured. It was a service in which comparatively few men were engaged and secrecy was enjoined upon pursued and pursuer. Therefore "unseen they win" or lose. This was true alike of those who won and those who lost.

* * *

The gallantry and audacity of the armies of Lee and Jackson are of imperishable memory. North Carolina's part in the battles of the War between the States is well known to every son of the State. No true North Carolinian but knows that the State's fighting sons were first at Bethel, farthest at Gettysburg, and last at Appomattox. Yet few Southerners recall the importance of naval warfare in the cause of the Confederacy, and few North Carolinians realize the high part played by North Carolinians in the maritime conflicts that made possible the long and courageous struggles of the inland armies. In that brilliant naval effort a patriotic son of Beaufort won renown.

"An army . . . goes on its belly," said Frederick the Great. And upon the sea arm of the blockaded Confederacy lay the duty of attempting to bring in food and supplies to keep the valiant soldiers of the South in fit condition for the unequal struggle of the War.

Blockade running furnished the pocketed South with the essential sinews of war that mushroom Southern shops and industrious women, boys, and old men at home could not produce. The coast of North Carolina is well adapted for blockade running. The double coast extending the whole length of the State with the sounds between connected with the open sea by shallow inlets presented an ideal situation to the bold and swift runners of the Federal blockade.

Federal leaders, therefore, soon saw the strategic importance of Northeastern North Carolina. That section was not only important to Confederate blockaders, but the Con-

federacy in control of it could protect the chief railroad communication between Richmond and the Southern coast over which supplies were carried to Lee's armies. The great value to the Union cause of this region led the Navy Department to send an expedition from Norfolk against Hatteras. Fort Clark, Fort Ellis, Beacon Island, and Fort Morgan fell in defeat before the Union forces in the late summer of 1861. The fall of New Bern and the control of Eastern North Carolina followed naturally after these Federal victories.

The strategic loss to the South was tremendous. Furthermore, Federal troops who occupied the territory stripped the entire region of everything that was movable and had any value. Boatloads of booty were shipped North. The whole country lay prostrate under the heel of Federal troops.—*Raleigh News and Observer*.

GENERAL LEE'S STRATEGY FROM THE WILDERNESS TO COLD HARBOR.

BY ROBERT W. BARNWELL, FLORENCE, S. C.

One of the most striking changes in the character of military operations is seen in the campaign of 1864, after the battle of the Wilderness. That battle was the last of General Lee's great acts of daring. Up to and including that battle, daring was one of his most marked qualities, but from then on there are only flashes of that side of his genius. In the first place, General Grant seemed bent on attacking, kept his army concentrated, and entrenched, giving little, if any, opportunity. In the second place, the impossibility of repairing losses changed the factor of wisdom. In the third place, he now had neither Jackson nor Longstreet with him. He had begun his career with an act of great daring when, in front of Richmond, he left only 25,000 to hold off McClellan's 70,000, while he took the bulk of his army across the Chickahominy to attack McClellan's right wing. His movement to the Rapidan to confront Pope was of the same nature. Second Manassas will be forever one of the world's typical cases. So, too, Sharpsburg, Chancellorsville, and Salem Church equal anything in his career. His movement from Hooker's front to Gettysburg is almost the masterpiece of all, but his dispatch of Longstreet to the West and campaign of maneuvers all the autumn against Meade is almost its companion. Then we have the glorious picture of his position on the Rapidan, inviting Grant to come across and fight. But there is even yet another, which I have in my reading just had brought to my attention. After Sharpsburg, McClellan followed to Virginia and planted himself between Manassas and Warrenton, while Lee confronted him with only half his army, and kept Jackson "sixty miles away" at Manassas Gap in the Blue Ridge on McClellan's flank. Jackson was supplied from Staunton and Lee from Gordonsville, and either one was able to fall on McClellan's one line to Washington in case he attacked the other corps. Still, McClellan was equal to nearly four of either hostile force in numbers. McClellan was *removed*. Burnside, succeeding, steered for Fredericksburg, hoping to avoid Lee altogether. It is a gem among scenes of the great war. (See Prof. Henry A. White's "Life of Lee.") However, all exhibition of daring on a great scale was now to give place to the routine of frontal fighting. Except for a few marches, the rest was to be a grilling grapple.

True as all this is, there were yet some very important points to be decided along strategical lines before Grant should abandon his proposed line of taking Richmond and change to the siege of Petersburg. General Lee's strategy

had only been partially successful, and he had still a part to play. He had hoped that his attack on Grant's flank as that General tried to get through the Wilderness would be conclusive, but Hancock had fortified three lines of breastworks at the Brock and Plank road junction, so that, when Longstreet fell, and his attack lost its timeliness and vigor, that important point remained in Grant's possession.

Let us recall that Grant, after crossing the Rapidan, directed his march by way of Parker's Store to Shady Grove, and these points were *west* of the route (to the Central Railroad) by Spotsylvania. Lee knocked Grant off the Shady Grove road, but Grant still had good roads to Spotsylvania and the railroad beyond, and these could still serve his purpose. He had been going by Shady Grove to get out of the Wilderness quickly, to flank Lee and cut his communications, to secure his own by way of Gordonsville, to open the railroad to Charlottesville (where the forces of Sigel, Crook, and Averell ought soon to be), and to get over the Mattapony and the North Anna at their sources rather than have to cross them near tide water—all very important matters and objects. And now, although losing out on most of these objects, he could still round the rivers, secure the railroad to Charlottesville, and get supplies by way of Gordonsville as well. His temporary change of base for supplies from Culpeper to Fredericksburg could be reversed if he desired. When he lost the battles around Spotsylvania he lost all these things for which he had chosen his Richmond route. Lee had failed to turn him back across the Rapidan, but he had kept him entirely from the Central Railroad and the headwaters of the two rivers.

Many writers have wondered at General Lee's acumen in sending Anderson to Spotsylvania the night of the 7th, forestalling Grant; but with all the facts before us, we can understand the simplicity of Lee's reasoning. Grant had started for the Central Railroad, as shown by Hancock's long advance toward it and the route of the other corps. Grant had been deprived of the Shady Grove roads only, and still had those by way of Spotsylvania. The matter of Grant's supply routes also gave him an insight. Lee's present position cut Grant off from wagoning from Culpeper, and also from Gordonsville, the junction of the Central with the road to Washington. From Fredericksburg, however, he could get supplies to Spotsylvania. Why, then, shouldn't Grant still try to round the headwaters of the two rivers and seize the railroad and connect with Gordonsville and Charlottesville? Besides, it was time to be getting squarely between Grant and Richmond. If Grant were to move toward Fredericksburg, there would be plenty of time; but if toward Spotsylvania, very little. Therefore, at the first sign of any movement at all on Grant's part, Lee determined to move. There were signs that day—trains of wagons moving down the Rappahannock.

The desperate fighting at Spotsylvania lasted twelve days and proved that Grant could not attain his objective as to rounding of the rivers and seizing the railroad. On the 15th, Sigel was defeated by Breckinridge, and all that part of Grant's plans was broken up. He moved off *north* of the Mattapony to Bowling Green, on the railroad from Fredericksburg to Richmond.

Now, once before, when Burnside was trying the Fredericksburg route to Richmond, General Lee had thought of the best line of defense and concluded it was at an excellent point just south of the North Anna railroad crossing, near Hanover Junction. He stood at Fredericksburg instead, in accordance with the desire of the authorities at Richmond, not to yield territory when the crops had just been gathered into the

barns. It was now May and territory not so important. Besides having a natural desire to give General Grant a good place to butt his head against, it is said that he was afraid if he prevented Grant from crossing the Mattaponi that general might follow the river down and find at West Point, where the Mattaponi and the Pamunkey (North Anna) came together, transports, and the chance to change altogether his plan of campaign. After the Spotsylvania experiences, it did look as though Grant would assault anything, therefore, General Lee went directly to the North Anna crossing to receive him. And, still further, in a letter of General Lee's he says he was actuated by the fear that Sheridan, reinforced, might move from his position northeast of Richmond (where he went after his attack on Richmond), and break his (Lee's) connection with that city, unless he guarded it by holding Hanover Junction.

The tactical arrangement of his line of battle is very celebrated and often described, but it is but fair to state that he did not adopt that arrangement at first (though able at any time to do so if need be), but only after Hill allowed Grant's right wing to cross and fortify. Lee wanted to dispute Grant's crossing at the upper fords, but Hill was a little late and did not use enough force to drive the enemy back on that wing after they crossed, so Lee took up his famous position, which was so strong that Grant recoiled from it. Just as Meade had done at Mine Run, so Grant did at the North Anna—looked and departed. The center, as described in books, was on high ground at the river, and the wings reflexed and resting on secure protection. Grant could fight either wing on a narrow front, or he could attack both with a divided army. Perhaps the withdrawal at North Anna became one reason why at Cold Harbor he made his headlong rush at Lee's admirable position—he did not like to have it said that twice in succession he came forward with double his opponent's forces and then declined to fight. Grant was a fighter. To back down hurt his feelings awfully. He shut both eyes at Cold Harbor and tore in.

Here, however, we now encounter a difficult point in General Lee's strategy to explain: He moved to Cold Harbor without further disputing the crossing of the North Anna. In other words, having prevented the rounding of both the Mattaponi and the North Anna at their sources, he allowed both rivers to be crossed lower down without trying at all to prevent it. I have given the explanations I have read in the case of the Mattaponi, but as to the case of the North Anna, or Pamunkey, I can only refer the reader to the map for one part of the defense, and urge the vicinity of tide water, as in the case above, as another. From the map I should judge that General Lee could not prevent Grant's crossing the Pamunkey. In the course of some fifteen miles in air line—that is, from Hanover Junction to Hanover town—the river makes no less than twelve distinct bends, some of which are "mule foot" bends, narrow across and deep from heel to toe. With his tremendous supply of artillery, Grant could force a crossing with little trouble. Again, the map shows that transports could put a flanking force far to General Lee's rear if he should stand at the river bank. In order to guard the Chickahominy bridges, Cold Harbor was the strategic point. If General Grant did not attack there, he must move farther away from Richmond. Besides, Sheridan, who had on May 9 left Grant's army at Spotsylvania and raided toward Richmond, was still with his large cavalry force (which Grant could, by water, reinforce either from Butler's army on the James or his own on the lower Pamunkey) on Lee's flank between the Pamunkey and the Chickahominy.

And just here we must credit Grant with this piece of excellent strategy. Sheridan was supplied from either the York or the James and for retreat had clear ground as far as Fortress Monroe. While Lee was still between Hanover Junction and Totopotamoy, Sheridan attacked Lee's cavalry at Turkey Hill, near Cold Harbor, and Lee had difficulty in securing the position he wanted. Grant could hardly have expected, while he stood on May 9 at Spotsylvania and sent Sheridan on his Richmond raid, that Sheridan would remain all the rest of the month away from the army; but when, on, May 21, he left Spotsylvania, he did not, so far as I know, recall Sheridan to the north side of the Mattaponi, nor after he himself crossed to the south side and tried to cross the North Anna did he summon his cavalry to join him. He let it remain where it was safe and could do fine work on Lee's flank. Butler, the Valley armies, and now Sheridan were thorns in Lee's side undoubtedly while that king of the chess-board contended against the onslaught of his determined antagonist. Lee did not rescue the situation alone. Breckinridge defeating Sigel, and Beauregard bottling up Butler, both deserve their meed of praise, and all hail to the gallant cavalry that, undismayed by the great Stuart's death, fought under Hampton and the two Lees (W. H. F. and Fitz) in the same old way—dauntless and skillful as ever. Haw's Shop, Trevillian, Nance's Shop, Sapony Church, and Ream's Station followed quickly after Stuart's death, leaving Sheridan's Cavalry Corps a wreck; and while only one of these preceded Cold Harbor, they stand for what Stuart's old command continued to be in every encounter of that early summer. Hampton succeeded Stuart in command, and while not perhaps as enterprising as the great cavalryman, he proved himself *most admirably* adapted to the work that now, in the changed conditions of the army, became the duty of the cavalry—less riding, but steadier fighting.

The days of the buttermilk ranger were gone with Grant in front. These were the days of the "mounted infantry," and no one surpassed Hampton in that rôle. Stuart had excelled every cavalry leader that ever lived, I suppose, in the work of screening an army from the enemy's observation. That was the work that Lee set him to do ever and always, for Lee was the great rover over the terrain with his everlasting flanking movements and trips to Maryland and Pennsylvania; but now with Grant all that was a thing of the past. When Grant wanted to find out anything, he went to the spot with his whole army. No cavalry could hold him back. As for his own cavalry, he sent it off. Beginning on the 5th of May to March, by the 9th his cavalry was gone, not to return till the 2nd of June. When he moved he kept all his corps in support, and entrenched when he halted. Lee always found where he was going and got in his front—squarely in front. Stuart was killed just when the work in which he excelled had become almost obsolete. The only time when Grant tried to *screen* his own movements (I don't mean slip away in the night) was after Cold Harbor, when he used an army corps of infantry to hide his crossing the James to Petersburg. Grant's strategy consisted chiefly in giving Lee no opportunity to use his own. He seemed to say: "In this fisticuff there will be no footwork or feinting or sparring; the man who can take punishment, cover up, and bore in will win." And, as in the boxing ring, only when the opponent is too light to deal a knock-out blow can that policy succeed. In Grant's case the covering up was almost faultless. That is to say, his arrangements for supplies and for reinforcements, his marching orders, and his invariable rule of entrenching—all these were perfect. On the other hand, although he bored in with tremendous force, he did so with

deep *columns* of narrow front, and often tried to attack all along the line. In the days of canister and shrapnel from guns of large caliber that entailed certain and enormous losses.

Lee, finding no opportunity for much strategy, was not to be outgeneraled in any line. He cut his road from the Wilderness to Spotsylvania in time to use it. He seized the hills; he secured interior lines; when he moved, it was to a point on the railroad, which guided his enemy's approach to Richmond, that he had chosen for strength. Here, too, were the hills and interior lines. Cold Harbor, too, was a chosen spot presenting the same features. His entrenchments and emplacement of guns was very skillful. Knowing his opponent would attack and stop not because of strong places, he prepared to receive attack with less regard than was usual with him to the matter of his own mobility. So while we must certainly give Grant credit for spoiling Lee's chance for fancy steps, we must also extol the masterly way in which Lee met the changed conditions and covered Grant with more blood and gore than any general in America ever experienced.

And now, once more the daring spirit of the Southern leader flashed out with great brilliance, and almost with success of a wonderful kind. He dispatched a whole corps to the Valley to threaten Grant's capital, while he faced his huge opponent with only Hill, Anderson, and Beauregard. It is a beautiful instance of daring, but it brought into view a feature of campaigning of an astounding nature. Grant, with his steamers, could guard Washington while he sat down on the *south* side of the James. In shorter time than Jackson's foot cavalry marched to Pope's flank, Grant could send a corps of his army from Petersburg to Washington. That was crowding Lee beyond all reason. How could a Napoleon even have met such conditions? That feature gave Grant the victory. He would have been recalled to defend the capital had he not grasped that fact—discovered it, in fact. Being compelled to dispatch troops to protect the city from Early, he found he could take a corps from the trenches, load it on transports, and get it down the James and up the Potomac in time. Lincoln had trembled for Washington when Early's fifteen thousand were on the Monocacy more than Davis did for Richmond with Grant and one hundred and twenty thousand at Cold Harbor. For General Lee, the Valley was no longer *the Valley*—it no longer could be *his* road. But even then Lincoln continued to guard it with Sheridan's fifty thousand men. Did the reader ever stop to think what immortal glory propaganda has bestowed on Sheridan for routing Early's fifteen thousand rash soldiers with as many troops as Lee had at Chancellorsville?

General Lee blamed himself for letting Grant go unhurt from Hanover Junction, but no one seems to know by what maneuver he could have accomplished it. Beyond this possible criticism of Lee's campaign, the only other one is the disaster at the celebrated "Bloody Angle of Spotsylvania," unless it be held that Lee should have prevented reinforcements from Butler reaching Grant.

As to the Bloody Angle, we must refer to General Gordon's book for important information. He tells how General Lee, before the 12th of May, gave him three brigades and personally stationed him at the gorge of the salient on Ewell's line, with instructions how to act in case any break occurred, so that when it did occur Gordon's troops moved right in and drove Hancock entirely out, except at the toe and a little along the left side. And that Lee went right to him the morning of the break and tried to lead the attack. There was a more or less completed line of trenches also across the gorge. Writers generally speak as though the chance of break

was not anticipated, but Gordon says it was even provided for by this purposeful stationing and instructing of himself against just such an occurrence. The salient occupied ground that in the enemy's hands would have been threatening, and was, therefore, held with proper precautions in case of loss.

General Grant made great preparation for the attack, and all of the 11th the stir in his forces caused Lee to try to fathom Grant's design. Apparently he guessed wrong, and prepared for a different movement from that which Grant made. This preparation required the withdrawal of guns from some points, and the salient was one of them. Lee's foresight in placing Gordon proved sufficient to drive the enemy to the *outside* of the breastworks, but there at the toe, where the artillery could not well reach him, he clung all day, and far into the night, fighting desperately to reënter. Near morning, Lee withdrew to the trenches across the gorge, and Grant won the salient. Viewed in this light, Lee himself was at fault only in failing to penetrate Grant's design, which surprises us only because of Lee's great capacity in that line. Yet, even Lee needed information for his mind to work upon.

In conclusion, let us say that in 1864, from the first gun to the last, the soldiers of Lee were veterans of veterans, enduring all things and shooting with deadly aim. Grant's losses told the tale. Also another tale. His troops charged and charged and yet again went forward against these sharpshooters in their breastworks. There must have been some very hard fighters under their great fighting general.

Grant lost the campaign both for the railroad and for Richmond, and almost half of his army. Lee had shown an ability under new tests as great as that before exhibited. There only remained that he be tested as commander in a siege ere his crown would have the last laurel attainable by a general.

THAT APPLE TREE—AND OTHER TREES.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

No, not that one at Appomattox, for I never saw it, if it was there; I was too busy at the time to pay any attention to it. My comrades and I were far in the advance under our noble commander, Gen. John B. Gordon, trying to cut a way through the enemy lines for General Lee and his ragged veterans to escape. But I have in mind another apple tree in the good old State of Virginia. It stood, and no doubt still stands, on ground made famous by two great battles fought there, the first in June, 1862, and the last in June, 1864. It witnessed the death of thousands of brave men on both sides; but I suppose it still stands there in the edge of the orchard around the old McGehee house peacefully bearing a fine crop of apples to feed the hungry, as if to rebuke silently mankind for slaughtering each other in war. From the appearance of the old residence, it was evidently built in colonial days, and the owner of the premises put out this tree and others of the orchard in which it stands many, many years before.

But why should I single out this tree when there are so many thousands of others which have been faithfully doing their duty to the human race so long? Is it because of its superior fruit? No; but for a little incident which impressed itself on my memory the day after we broke up McClellan's great Army of the Potomac in 1862. I visited this battle field of Cold Harbor just fifty-four years later to see the place when no sound of war broke upon the smiling landscape. There stood that very same old apple tree, green, fresh, and full of young apples. No doubt during all the years

of my absence it had stood silently there year after year bearing the same kind of apples. When I came to it, I felt like raising my hand and giving it a military salute, for it had not changed in the least from the time I saw it first that morning when I found my wounded comrade and old schoolmate lying under its branches.

Yes, we had a great battle there that hot June day in 1862. I sometimes think the greatest of all the battles we fought, for our men never afterwards in all the war could have broken McClellan's lines as well posted as they were on that occasion. He was a master of defensive war and an experienced engineer. He always expected to be compelled to retreat and always had such a place well fortified and an ample force of splendid artillery to sweep down the Confederates as they approached. He seemed to have more confidence in this arm of his forces than his infantry. We had the grit then to tackle anything.

We were far in the rear when General Lee opened this battle, and it raged furiously the day before we reached him and all the forenoon, and much of this took place at and near this same old house and orchard before we reached the scene of the conflict. Although we were to be on the battle line at daylight, we were many miles from it at that time, and our officers were urging us to the fullest extent of our ability; but it was noon before we arrived. All along the route we saw evidences of the fight of the previous day, and the incessant boom of artillery indicated the nature of what was in store for us. But as we marched and sweated, we joked each other, indifferent to what the future had in store.

Among my comrades was a youth older than myself who seemed to have been born for misfortune of various kinds. He was a good boy, but an evil spirit seemed to have followed him. At school, when we played ball or any other game, or if we swam in the river, he was sure to get hurt. Yet he bore it all without complaining. In this battle he was shot down late in the afternoon in front of the Hoboken Battery, near the McGehee house, and left there when we were ordered to withdraw. When night spread her dark wings over the land, he crawled toward the house and managed to reach this apple tree on the outer edge of the orchard.

I knew Sol had been left with the dead and wounded, and I was anxious to find him; so as soon as day broke I applied to our captain for permission to hunt him; and under this tree I found him lying stretched out. He seemed cheerful, but haggard from his experience of the previous day. I asked him how he was, and he replied that he felt very well considering his misfortune. He said he had always been unlucky with his left foot, and yesterday, when we waded that creek, he lost the shoe from it, and the next thing the Yankees shot a ball through it. Poor Sol was picked up soon after I left him by our litter bearers and sent to the hospital at Richmond, where he died. He took erysipelas in the wounded foot, a disease which killed many thousands of our men. He was an only son of our old neighbor, Mr. David Waters, of Bainbridge, Decatur County, Ga. He sleeps in a soldier's grave in Virginia, a State he defended with his life.

While I am writing about trees, I remember other trees that served me well on certain occasions. If they had not stood just where they did, perhaps I should have fared as badly or worse than my comrade, Sol Waters, and I would not be here to write about them now. One, I remember, a black locust, about fifteen or twenty feet high and perhaps six or eight inches in diameter. It stood in the open near a ditch, or natural depression, in a field about four hundred yards across. To the west of this field was a woodland, through which we had driven the enemy twice that day.

In this fighting I became mixed up with General Rodes's men. No one appeared to be in command then, as that splendid officer had just been killed and every body did as he pleased. When we reached the edge of the field mentioned, a part of the men followed the fleeing enemy, who took lodgment in the woods beyond. When they (the enemy) came to this gully, seeing that it afforded protection from the merciless fire of the pursuing Confederates, a large number of them fell down in it with their faces to the ground, so when we reached it, we found perhaps as many or more Yankees lying there than there were of us, for most of our comrades preferred to remain behind in the woods. These fellows in the ditch were quiescent, but the others kept up a hot fire on us out in the open. I suppose they could see the top of this little tree in spite of the smoke and supposed that many soldiers were collected about it for protection. It was a time when there was no necessity to load guns. There were plenty of them already lying in the ditch by the side of their owners, cocked and capped. As soon as we discharged one gun, we threw it away and jumped down and got another ready for business. But the fire from the woods was such that our number thinned out and we felt that our position could not be held much longer unless our comrades back of us in the woods would come to our relief. Looking to the left, I saw in the smoke the dim outlines of this little tree. Thinking it offered some protection, I darted to it, only to find two comrades already there. Standing behind them, we exchanged compliments with the enemy to the best of our ability, but I was not there long before the man next to the tree fell dead without a struggle. The man who had stood behind him stepped across his body and shot away for a few minutes, when he, too, received a wound which brought him down on the body of his companion. He rolled over and soon died in great agony. I now stood over the man lying at the root of the little tree, but during the few minutes I was there the balls struck the trunk of the tree so frequently and with so much force I decided that it somehow attracted the attention of the enemy, and as they had already killed two others, I decided it was no place for me. We were overwhelmed that day (September 19, 1864, at Winchester, Va.) by Sheridan's army, and there is no good reason why we were not all killed or captured, except that he was no great shakes as a general. We were soon compelled to abandon this place and retire to our comrades in the woods, where every man had the advantage of a big oak to protect his body to some extent until late in the day, when our supply of ammunition was exhausted and they were firing on us from three directions. We then unanimously decided that we had done enough at that particular place and withdrew.

Yes, a tree sometimes was a great thing when a fellow was in a tight place. I could tell about some other incidents that I remember when a friendly oak or pine stood near to give me and others protection.

Though I did not see an apple tree at that historic place of our final surrender, I remember distinctly a small post oak under which I slept five nights while waiting for our paroles after our formal surrender. I would have gnawed the bark off that tree if I had known it would relieve the pangs of hunger. After hostilities ceased, we had two pounds of fresh beef issued to us to live on for five days, although we were well-nigh starved.

"Here sleeps beneath his native soil,
Who, since his manhood's work began,
Gave all his days of useful toil
And, at the last, his life for man."

THE FLYING DEVIL.

(The following is from an article appearing in the *Charleston (W. Va.) Gazette* some time ago and brings out an interesting phase of army life in the resorting to expedients to meet certain situations. In this case, while it did not prove satisfactory for the purpose intended, it proved of value later.)

The Union army once operated a ferry on New River, W. Va., where there is now a new bridge, placed during the last year. Across a deep chasm known as New River canyon, Generals Rosecrans and Cox, in the early days of the War between the States, planned and built a peculiar type of ferry, known as a "flying devil." The ferry was built by Major Crawford, an engineer of the Federal army, and was put in operation for the purpose of throwing troops across the river to intercept the army of General Floyd, whose batteries were shelling the village of Gauley Bridge.

Particulars of this unique mode of transportation are found in the "Letters and Papers of Rutherford B. Hayes," published by the Ohio Historical Society. Hayes was a major and acting judge advocate of the army, and was, at the time the ferry was built, located at Camp Ewing, near Hawk's Nest. This camp was also designated sometimes as Mountain Cove Camp. From this point Hayes sent many letters to his wife in Ohio.

To explain why this "flying devil" ferry was built at this strange place, it is necessary to state that the Union army, coming by the way of Kanawha Valley and Gauley Valley, had driven the Confederate General Wise and his forces out of the region. Wise had halted at Sewell Mountain and, together with his brother officer, General Floyd, was planning to attack the Federals. The Union army had occupied Gauley Bridge, where they had accumulated much stores and supplies and had advanced a force along the road toward Anstead. Six miles above the bridge, General Schenck established Camp Ewing, named in honor of Colonel Ewing of his staff. At this point was located the 23rd Ohio Volunteers, of which Major Hayes and William McKinley, both presidents-to-be, were members. The general headquarters were located at the Tompkins farm, three miles above Gauley Bridge.

In November, 1861, General Floyd, of the Confederate army, stationed a battery on Cotton Hill, directly across the river from Gauley, and began to shell the village. General Rosecrans, at the Tompkins farm, became frantic and so incoherent that he could not give orders. General Cox saved the garrison at the bridge from rout by hurrying through a driving rainstorm to the place and superintending the removal of the stores and telegraph station to Scrabble Creek, farther up Gauley and out of range of the shells. The shells did very little damage, and after a while the army became accustomed to the presence of the enemy on the distant hill-top. But the general staff was planning how to get them off. After a council, Major Crawford, an engineer, was appointed to construct a way to cross the river in the deep canyon. Over this bridge, or ferry, or whatever means of transportation Crawford used, was to cross a heavy force of Federal troops to march to Fayetteville and cut off the retreat of Floyd after he was attacked by General Benham, who was to march by the way of Loup Creek and the Cotton Hill road.

Major Crawford set to work to construct the ferry. His task was extremely hazardous, owing to the steep walls of the canyon, up and down which the workers were forced to climb. To assist in this, ropes were strung from the top to the bottom to be used as handholds. General Rosecrans had ordered skiffs to be brought from Cincinnati. When these arrived on wagons from the head of navigation (Camp

Piatt), they were lowered over the mountain wall to the river. Major Crawford began his experiment with the "flying devil."

The army waited patiently, while the cannons roared night and day on Cotton Hill. At Camp Ewing the soldiers fretted under the cold fall rains. Hayes wrote to his wife on October 10, 1861: "A pleasant camp. Cold, wet at times. Many rumors. On this road are many deserted homes, great old Virginia taverns wasted. The people, for the most part, are a helpless, harmless race. We are on the turnpike from Lewisburg to Kanawha. The band plays on every occasion. There is a great deal of camp fever. Out of nine hundred men and officers, two hundred and thirty-five are sick. One-half of the captains and lieutenants. We are sending out great numbers of sick from the army. Cincinnati must be full of them! We took the sick over Gauley last night."

This night movement of sick was made necessary by the enemy battery firing on the turnpike during the daytime. The old bridge having been burned by Wise, the passage of the Gauley was effected by a flatboat and cable. Hayes writes on October 9: "We are building an entrenched camp to hold the Kanawha Valley. We have lost, by death, about six; by desertion, four; by dismissal, three; and dishonorable discharge, twenty-five or thirty. About two hundred are too sick for duty, of whom one-half will never serve again."

"One of the charms of this life is the perpetual change. Yesterday I was in a most comfortable condition at Camp Lookout. Before night I was in a lonely spot at headquarters. We have rumors of the enemy across New River. False alarms of the enemy at Lookout, and the army went into battle line. Wounded left the hospital and fled. Some got well suddenly. I am practicing law on the circuit and like it."

"This is the spot for mountain scenery. Hawk's Nest and Lovers' Leap are two of the most romantic spots I have ever seen. The echoes of the bugle heighten the charm."

Hayes had very little confidence in the ferry scheme and took the young officer's privilege of criticizing his superiors. A note in his diary reads:

"Private Roache killed to-day accidentally by a pistol shot discharged by a comrade. Major Crawford is preparing to cross New River. We call it 'Crawford's Folly.' Why don't generals have sense!"

Major Crawford completed his ferry and notified the generals at headquarters that all was ready. Upon inspection, it was found to be a skiff attached to a long cable. This cable was fastened to a tree far up the stream. When the operator wished to cross the river, he cast off, bent his rudder, and the current whipped him over to the opposite bank. A trip could be made in an amazingly short time. This was the "flying devil." Rosecrans prepared for the battle. General Benham was sent down to the Huddleson farm, where he crossed the Kanawha and marched part of his forces up Loup Creek and part up the Cotton Hill road. General Cox took part in the attack up the face of the mountain.

A brisk fight took place as the Federals climbed the hill in the face of the Confederate fire. The Confederates failed to halt the advance, and, having learned of Benham's flank movement up Loup Creek, Floyd retreated toward Fayetteville, where he burned his wagons and began a long march over the rain-soaked roads toward the south.

The troops massed on the north side of New River, upon hearing the firing on Cotton Hill, prepared to cross over on the "flying devil." But they had failed to take into consideration the deadly sharpshooters of the Confederate army. Floyd had learned of the ferry and had sent his best marks-

men to the scene. When the first boatload started over, they were met by a rain of musket balls from the heavily wooded slopes. They decided then and there that the flank movement was off. "Crawford's Folly" proved to be well named. The army at Camp Ewing, and the soldiers of Generals Cook and Scammon, along the old James River road, had to be content with listening to the sounds of the retreat as Floyd fell back into Raleigh County with Benham in pursuit.

In spite of its failure at a critical time, the "Flying Devil" afterwards became very useful to the Federal army. After the Union forces had occupied the south side of the river, with camps at Fayette courthouse, and at Raleigh, the scouts, raiding parties, couriers, mail expresses continued to use it regularly.

TEXAS BOYS IN THE WAR.

(From reminiscences by the late D. S. Combs, of Bastrop, Tex., on the part taken by the Combs and Cocreham boys in the War between the States. D. S. Combs was the first to join the army, which he did in the summer of 1861. Going to Bastrop, he joined Company D, of Terry's Texas Rangers, and the command was sent immediately to Kentucky. He tells the story in the following article.)

In the first battle of the regiment, Colonel Terry was killed. The regiment was in many battles, particularly Perryville, Ky., Murfreesboro (my horse was killed under me at Murfreesboro), and Chickamauga, Tenn., and hundreds of smaller battles. Before General Banks's raid up Red River, I got my first furlough, and returned home, but, on account of the difficulty of getting back across the Mississippi River, I was assigned to Colonel Ford's Regiment at Brownsville, Tex., and was there until the close of the war. J. W. (Jack) Combs was in the Commissary Department at Port Hudson, La., when it was bombarded after the fall of Vicksburg and was severely wounded by a shell bursting near him, and when the fort was surrendered, he was paroled and went home. After he was sufficiently recovered, he was commissioned to take charge of a squad and collect and forward beef cattle to the army in Louisiana. He was in Karnes County, Tex., with a herd of beeves ready to start for the army when he was notified of General Lee's surrender, and the beeves were turned loose on their own range.

J. H. Combs joined Company E, 6th Texas Infantry, Capt. John P. White and Col. R. R. Garland commanding. We left Seguin (where the company was organized in October, 1861), and marched to Victoria, where the regiment was organized and drilled six months. In the spring of 1862, we were ordered to Little Rock, Ark., and the regiment was put in General Holmes's brigade. I was left sick at Navasota, Tex., being laid up a month with inflammatory rheumatism, when I was able to be taken home. Shortly after reaching home, I was taken with typhoid fever and was sick six or eight weeks. Before I could get transportation to Arkansas, the regiment was taken prisoner at the battle of Arkansas Post and carried North. There were quite a number who escaped after the battle and those absent on sick furlough, and these and all refugees from Texas who escaped from Arkansas Post were, in the fall of 1862, ordered to Shreveport, La., and organized into the 17th Consolidated Texas Infantry, under Col. Jim Taylor, of East Texas. Later, Gen. J. C. DePolignac was put in command of the brigade, made up of several Texas regiments and a battalion. Those from the 6th Texas Infantry were put in Company H, under Capt. J. J. McCowen or McGowen. We marched nearly all over the western part of Louisiana, camping and drilling at various places.

Our first fight was at Vidalia, opposite Natchez, on the

Mississippi River. Then we were in a gunboat fight at Harrisburg, on the Ouchita River, and fell back, crossed Red River at Alexandria, and fell back before General Banks until we met reinforcements at Mansfield. Here Gen. Dick Taylor decided to give battle. We were then in General Mouton's Division, DePolignac's Brigade, Dick Taylor's Corps. Almost at the beginning of the battle General Mouton was killed, and General DePolignac took command of the division; Col. Jim Taylor commanded the brigade. Lieutenant Colonel Nobles was killed in our first charge, as was our company commander, Lieut. Jose Garza. Our brigade was moved to the left, and, late in the afternoon, we came up in front of a new line of the enemy some three miles from where Lieutenant Colonel Nobles was killed.

I was shot down about a hundred yards from the Yankee line, and Colonel Taylor was killed a little farther on. I lay where I fell until ten or eleven o'clock next day, not able to even turn over. At that time the ambulances came along and gathered up those near me and carried us to the hospital at Mansfield, the Baptist church, all the churches and school-houses being used as hospitals.

I remained there until the third day or night, when a nurse dropped a candle in the cotton used for our beds, and the church was completely burned down. I managed to get to a private house, Mr. Joe Jackson's, and remained there six weeks, when I was taken to Mr. Ed Ragsdale's at Jacksonville, Tex. There I became worse, and three weeks later, my brother-in-law came after me and took me home, which we reached on June 25, 1864.

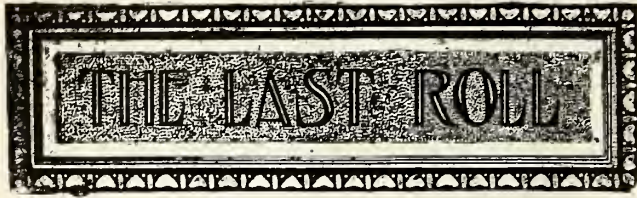
After I was able to ride horseback, I was detailed to help my brother Jack with gathering and forwarding beef cattle to the army in Louisiana. We were in Karnes County, with a herd of beeves ready to start to the army when we heard of General Lee's surrender and the close of the war. So we turned the cattle out and went home.

In the fall of 1861 John W. Cocreham went back to school at Bosqueville, near Waco, but shortly afterwards joined a company of State troops and went to Galveston. After six months they were mustered out, and each joined where he preferred in the regular army. John joined a company in Colonel Sweet's Regiment of Cavalry, to be with his brother (Bess) Sylvester (called Bes). The regiment was then on its way to Little Rock, Ark. John had not been in camp long before he took pneumonia and died. After this, Bess arranged to transfer to the company I had joined, and Jim Kincaid transferred to the company Bess had left, to be with some of his Kincaid relatives.

The 6th Texas Infantry was captured at the fall of Arkansas Post and taken to Camp Douglas, near Chicago. They were finally exchanged and sent South to some Atlantic port in Virginia or Carolina, and put into a brigade and division over there. At the battle of Chickamauga, Bess was killed and buried on the battle field.

J. M. Kincaid, my brother-in-law, joined Colonel Sweet's Regiment with Bess Cocreham. The regiment was organized at San Antonio and went immediately to Little Rock, Ark. Later on he was detailed to work in the Confederate harness and saddle shop, and was sent back to San Antonio, where he remained to the close of the war. He was in one battle in Arkansas.

Near the close of the war the old men in each county were organized as Home Guards, and D. R. Cocreham, my stepfather, was a lieutenant in command of the company in this part of Hays County, and served until the close of the war. They were never ordered out of the county or adjoining counties.

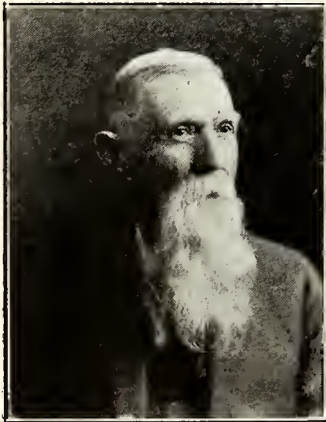


Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings \$3.00 each.

"They cannot wholly pass away,
How far so'er above,
Nor we, the lingerers, wholly stay
Apart from those we love;
For spirits in eternity,
As shadows in the sun,
Reach backward into time, as we,
Like lifted clouds, reach on."

CAPT. J. N. TALIAFERRO.

On the night of March 30, 1927, Capt. J. N. Taliaferro died at his plantation home, Taliaferro Spring, near Lyerly,



CAPT. J. N. TALIAFERRO.

Chattooga County, Ga., after a short illness. He was born in Amherst County, Va., October 9, 1841, and was a student at Emory and Henry College, Va., at the opening of the War between the States. At the age of nineteen years he enlisted in Company I, 19th Virginia Infantry, with the rank of third sergeant. In April, 1862, he was elected second lieutenant, and on June 1, of the same year, was promoted to first lieutenant. Suffering from the disability of wounds received at the battle of

Seven Pines, in May, 1862, he resigned November 4, 1863. He was in the great battles of Mannassas, Culpeper Courthouse, Orange Courthouse, Brandy Station, Yorktown, Seven Pines, Richmond, and Williamsburg.

Recovering somewhat from the effects of his wounds, he joined the 2nd Virginia Cavalry, Company E, under Capt. Tome White, and took part in the battles of Beaver Dam and Fredericksburg, and minor battles about Richmond and Petersburg, and in the campaign that ended at Appomattox.

After the close of the war, he settled in Chattooga County, Ga., on the plantation where he lived until his death. For many years he had been Commander of John S. Cleghorne Camp, U. C. V. He was bred to the faith of that chivalry of the older South which has become legendary, and his life perfectly exemplified its noble principles. He was as gentle as he was brave and patriotic. He was widely known through Chattooga and neighboring counties, and loved and venerated for his high qualities by all who knew him. The funeral took place at the Lyerly Methodist Church, of which he was a communicant, with interment in the Lyerly Cemetery.

Surviving him are his wife and daughter.

CAPT. WILLIAM BAKER WORD.

Capt. William Baker Word was born in Limestone County, Ala., February 20, 1835, and when he was four years of age his parents removed to Monroe County, Miss., where he lived the remainder of his life. He died on Thanksgiving Day, November 25, 1926, at his home near Aberdeen.

Young Word attended the Kentucky Military Institute at Frankfort, and in March, 1861, he joined Van Dorn's Reserves, organized in Aberdeen. This company was sent to Corinth, at the outbreak of the war, where it became Company I of the 11th Mississippi Regiment. He was elected first sergeant, then second lieutenant, and later captain of the company, which he led through the battles of Northern and Eastern Virginia, from Seven Pines to Cold Harbor, which was the last battle in which he was engaged. He also took part in the battle of Gettysburg, in which he was wounded in the left side.

At Cold Harbor, on the 2nd of June, 1864, while gallantly leading his company in that bloody encounter, Captain Word fell desperately wounded in the head. He was given up as hopeless, but one of his men and a body servant worked with him faithfully for a day and night until the ambulance corps finally picked him up. He was taken to the army hospital and the bullet extracted from his skull. He was then taken to the hospital in Richmond, Va., where he lay unconscious for three weeks. His body was partly paralyzed from this wound, and during the last twenty years of his life he was confined to his chair and bed. Although infirm of body, he enjoyed great clarity of mind and memory.

Captain Word married two sisters. His first wife was Anna Maria Baker, who died in 1872. His second wife was Keturah Jane Baker, who died in 1916. Two sons and five daughters survive him.

This valiant and high-minded old soldier lived an upright and stainless life, fought bravely his country's battles, and has passed on with his comrades in arms to rest under the shade of the trees.

[His daughter, Mrs. J. L. Dishong, Arcadia, Fla.]

JOHN HUGH HAW.

John Hugh and George Pitman Haw, sons of John and Mary Austin Watt Haw, were born at Oak Grove, Hanover County, Va., July 29, 1838, John Hugh Haw died April 24, 1927, at Stuart Circle Hospital in Richmond, Va., just sixty-six years and a day from the time, April 23, 1861, he, with two brothers and a double first cousin, in the Hanover Grays, on the Capital Square in Richmond, tendered their services to their seceding State and were accepted and thenceforth served their country until their great Commander surrendered on April 9, 1865.

A full account of the services of the six Haw boys was given in the VETERAN for July, 1925, also the photographs and full history of them as the "Oldest Confederate Twins," which has been published repeatedly in the newspapers from Washington to Dallas, Tex.

John Haw was a member of William B. Newton Camp, U. C. V., of Ashland, Va., and of the Samuel Davies Presbyterian Church in Hanover. He was a good citizen and a good neighbor. He was never married, and spent most of his life as a farmer. Being very fond of the chase, he kept a pack of fox hounds on his very large Piping Tree Farm in King William County, Va. He is survived by two brothers, George Pitman Haw, of Hanover County, Va. and Joseph R. Haw, of Hampton, Va., and several nephews and nieces.

[J. R. Haw.]

W. M. HARDIN.

W. M. Hardin, well-known and beloved citizen of Rome, Floyd County, Ga., died at his home in that city on March 2, after a brief illness. He was born at Coosa, in Floyd County, February 23, 1845, and was one of the young soldiers of the Confederacy, serving with Iverson's Brigade, Wheeler's Corps, in 1863. By the accidental discharge of a gun when the command was stationed at Mossy Creek, near Dandridge, Tenn., he was wounded in the arm, necessitating its amputation and his retirement from active service. He was an active member and officer of the Floyd County Camp, No. 368 U. C. V., at Rome, and for many years acted as the VETERAN's representative there. He was assistant in the office of the tax collector of Floyd County for a long term of years.

Comrade Hardin was married to Miss Ann Elizabeth Billingsley, of Cherokee County, Ala., in January, 1875, and of the ten children born to them there are four sons and four daughters surviving. He was a member of the Baptist Church and always active in its service.

In its memorial resolutions, the Floyd County Camp refers to him as "the oldest member of the Camp and one of the most active in promulgating its interests. We will sadly miss him, and his vacant seat will be a continual reminder of our fast diminishing ranks and that ere long the serried hosts of Lee and Jackson will be only a memory of the grandeur and glory that was.

Funeral services were conducted at the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, of which he was a member, with interment in Myrtle Hill Cemetery, attended by his comrades of the Camp.

J. A. R. CHAMBERLIN.

On January 28, 1927, after a short illness, the gentle spirit of J. A. R. Chamberlin, passed into the life eternal.

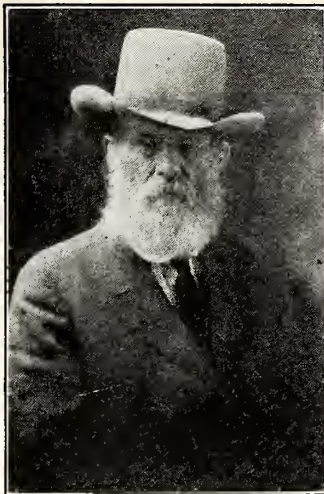
He was born at Capon Bridge, Hampshire County, Va. (how W. Va.), July 23, 1843. In 1862, at the age of eighteen years, he enlisted in the cause of the Confederacy, volunteering in Company F, 18th Virginia Cavalry, Imboden's Brigade, Lomax's Division, Stuart's Corps. He was always ready to do his part as a true soldier, enduring nearly four years of hard fighting and participating in almost all the battles in the Valley of Virginia, including the battle of Winchester, September 19, 1864, and the famous Battle of Gettysburg. In the fall of 1864 he was promoted to orderly sergeant, having charge of the headquarters guard for General Lomax, and was paroled at Winchester, Va., some time in April, 1865.

Comrade Chamberlin was married to Miss Frances V. Spaid on December 23, 1868, he and his bride going to Missouri the following year, and locating in Cooper County. In March, 1878, the family removed to Lafayette County, locating on a farm northwest of Odessa, where he and his wife continued to reside until about four years ago, when age and ill health began to exact their toll. Since that time their home has been with their daughter there, Mrs. S. A. Tanner. His wife survives him, with a son and two daughters, three grandchildren; also a brother and two sisters.

He was a loyal, faithful, Christian gentleman of the Old South—tender, courtly, high minded, always charitable and obliging. His intellect was keen and bright, he was a reader and a thinker, a life-long student. In late years, when other resources were denied him, he found great pleasure in reading, always the best of literature. His beloved VETERAN held first place of all, and the cause for which he so gallantly fought in the sixties was ever to him throughout his busy life a halloved memory.

COL. FIELDING KENLEY, U. C. V.

After an illness of several months, Col. Fielding Kenley, formerly of Kearney, Clay County, Mo., for the past five years a resident of Greeley, Colo., answered the last roll call on June 1, at the age of eighty-four years.



COL. FIELDING KENLEY.

He was born February 20, 1843, at Danville, Ky., where he lived until young manhood. He enlisted in the Confederate army, May 1, 1861, in Company A, 6th Kentucky cavalry, which later became a part of the command of Gen. John H. Morgan, and in that organization he participated in numerous hard-fought battles, including Perryville, Hoover's Gap, Murfreesboro, and Alexandria, Tenn. On July 19, 1863, he was captured at Ches-

hire, Ohio, and taken to Camp Douglas, near Chicago, where he was held for nineteen months. After his release, he went to Virginia and helped to guard the Treasury of the Confederate government.

His title as colonel came by appointment on the staff of the Commander of the Missouri Division, U. C. V. He was an enthusiastic attendant on the reunions. He was an active Mason (Knight Templar), a Shriner, and a member of the Odd Fellows. He was also a member of the Christian Church at Kearney, Mo.

Colonel Kenley was possessed of a most remarkable memory, and it was a great pleasure to listen to his accounts of the trials and tribulations of war times. Cheerful and patient, he met the last call with a smile of confidence. Surviving him are his wife and sister, and other relatives.

His body was taken to his old home in Missouri for interment.

LIEUT. "DICK" THOMISON.

W. P. ("Dick") Thomison died at his home, near Dayton, Tenn., after several years of declining health, with the added affliction of blindness. He was born January 8, 1844, and was one of a large family, all of whom have been very prominent in the affairs of Rhea county.

Comrade Thomison joined Capt. W. E. Colville's company, the first to be organized in Rhea County for the Confederacy. With his brother, John S. Thomison, he was later transferred to Capt. W. C. Darwin's company, the sixth to leave Rhea County, and which was known as Company C, 16th Tennessee Battalion. With the 12th Tennessee Battalion, it formed "Rucker's Legion," distinguished as opening the battle of Chickamauga.

On the loss of his superior officer, Mr. Thomison became lieutenant in Company C, and his comrades said that "Lieutenant Dick's" only command was, "I gonnies, boys, come on!"

Funeral services were held at the residence by the Rev. J. A. Whitner, of Cleveland, former pastor of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church at Dayton, of which Mr. Thomison was a member.

Surviving are his wife, who was Miss Cornelia Peters, two daughters, and five sons. Three brothers and two sisters also survive him.

DAVID C. JONES.

David C. Jones, born in Bath County, Va., in the year 1843, died at his home near Strang, Okla., March 30, 1927, aged eighty-four years. His grandfather, Henry Jones, was a Revolutionary soldier. When quite a young man, David Jones enlisted with the Confederate army, Company C, 26th Battalion, Virginia Infantry. Five of his brothers also fought for the same cause, but he was the last to answer the great roll call.

His brothers were enlisted as follows: Alexander A. Jones, Company E, 27th Virginia. This was part of Stonewall Jackson Brigade. Later records show he enlisted in Col. Edgar's Battalion. Henry C. Jones, Company E, 26th Virginia Infantry; William Jones, Company B, 16th Virginia Cavalry; John Jones, Company E, 60th Virginia Infantry; Abel (or Abraham) Jones, 16th Virginia Cavalry.

David Jones went with his family to Southwest City, Mo., in 1884, and ten years later he moved to his farm near Strang, Okla.

He was laid to rest beside his wife in the Southwest City Cemetery, funeral services being conducted in the Presbyterian Church. The many maple trees which now shade this little church were set out years ago by him and his neighbors. He enjoyed the out-of-doors, and was a big, free-hearted Southerner. His influence for good will never die. A husband and a father like this man is a heritage that does not come to all families, and the sweet memories of his life will be a balm and source of great pleasure to his children and friends throughout their lives. He is survived by two daughters and a son, also several grandchildren.

[His niece, Mrs. J. R. Douglass, Recording Secretary, Twin Peaks Chapter, California Division, U. D. C.]

JOHN CABEEN WALLACE.

On May 27, 1927, John Cabeen Wallace, prominent citizen of Strong, Union County, Ark., answered to the last roll call. He was born in that county on April 23, 1846, and thus had passed his eighty-first milestone.

Comrade Wallace enlisted with Company G, of the 9th Arkansas Volunteer Infantry, in May, 1861, the company being mobilized by his father, Capt. Robert Minor Wallace, who was promoted to major and was wounded in the charge at Shiloh in which Gen. A. S. Johnston was mortally wounded; John Wallace's brother, William J. Wallace, major of the 9th Arkansas, was killed by a shell at Resaca, Ga., on May 15, 1864.

Of over one hundred and sixty members of that noted old Company G, only two now survive—Dr. Eugene F. Rowland, of Ruston, La., and the writer of this sketch.

[George W. Terry, Sulphur, Okla.]

BEN LEE COYLE.

Ben Lee Coyle died at his home in Huntsville, Ala., on February 26, in his eighty-second year. He was born near Meridianville, Madison County, Ala., July 1845, and spent the larger part of his life in the country as a farmer, but had made his home in Huntsville for about nine years. His wife died some years ago, but their eleven children, seven sons and four daughters, all survive him.

Comrade Coyle served as a private of the 4th Alabama Regiment of Cavalry, under General Forrest, and made a gallant soldier. He was a valued and faithful member of the Egbert J. Jones Camp, No. 357 U. C. V., of Huntsville, and also a consistent member of the First Methodist Church there. He was laid to rest in Maple Hill Cemetery, at Huntsville, with the honors paid to a brave Confederate soldier.

[A. S. Doak, Huntsville.]

SAMUEL MALLET.

Samuel Mallet, Commander of the local Camp of Confederate veterans, died on May 7, 1927, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. E. J. Richard, of Lake Charles, La., after an illness of five weeks. He was eighty-three years of age and had been active and in apparently good health until a few weeks ago.

A resident of Lake Charles for thirteen years, Mr. Mallet moved to this city from Glenmora, where he resided for many years. While living in Glenmora, he was a member of the Rapides Parish police jury for a number of years, and served on the Rapides school board for eight years, during which time he was active in public activities, especially in public school work.

Comrade Mallet was born in Green County, Miss., July 8, 1844. Joining the Confederate forces when sixteen years of age, he served for four years with Troop K, 16th Mississippi Cavalry. His father, Pierre Mallet, a French soldier and member of an old French family, fought under Napoleon, and later came to this country with a brother. They landed in New Foundland, from where Pierre Mallet moved to Mississippi to make his home.

Samuel Mallet is survived by five sons and four daughters.

After brief services at the home in Lake Charles, his body was taken back to Glenmora, where services were conducted at the Amiable Baptist Church, with burial in the Glenmora Cemetery.

JAMES A. WALDEN.

On May 6, 1927, James A. Walden passed away at the age of eighty-eight years. He was a son of James and Mary Hancock Walden, born October 15, 1838, near Fayette, Howard County, Mo., and a veteran of the Confederacy, having enlisted as a private and gained a lieutenancy before his discharge. He was with General Price's army, and had five brothers in the Confederate army, only one of whom, C. J. Walden, survives.

After the war, James Walden returned home and engaged in farming. In 1867 he was married to Miss Mary Robertson, and five children were born to them. His wife and two children preceded him to his home beyond, and his second wife died ten years ago. A son and two daughters survive. He was a member of the Christian Church and an elder for many years.

With a small Confederate flag clasped in his hand, he was laid to rest in the beautiful country cemetery near where he had lived his entire life.

He was a faithful reader of the VETERAN.

[A daughter, Mattie Lee Gibbs.]

THOMAS B. DIGMAN.

Thomas B. Digman was born in Barbour County, Va. (now W. Va.), July 13, 1841, and passed to his eternal reward on April 6, 1927, in his eighty-seventh year. When war came on between the States, he volunteered for the South, becoming a member of Company K, 31st Virginia Regiment, which was a part of Early's Division, Army of Northern Virginia. He served throughout the war, taking part in many engagements and was slightly wounded at Cold Harbor.

Returning home at the close of the war, he did his part in rebuilding his ruined country; for fifty years he had been very active in the ministry of the gospel of peace.

He attended the meeting of the Blue and Gray at Gettysburg in July, 1913, from which he wrote: "It is very hot here to-day, but not nearly so hot as fifty years ago." He is now resting "under the shade of the trees" on the other shore.

[S. P. Digman.]

CAPT. W. C. R. TAPSCOTT.

A gallant Confederate officer passed from earth with the death of Capt. William Cabell Reeves Tapscott, of Berryville, Va., on April 29, 1925. He was born in 1842, in the County of Buckingham, Va., the son of N. B. Tapscott, a planter of importance in that county. His early life was spent on his father's plantation, where he learned to till the soil and make it productive, and his education was acquired in the old-time schools of the neighborhood, schools which have been the framework of the learning of Virginia's greatest and best.

Young Tapscott answered to the first call to arms in defense of his State, enlisting in 1861 with the Scottsville Guards, commanded by Captain Gaunt, which subsequently became a unit of the 19th Virginia Infantry, Pickett's Brigade, Longstreet's Corps. He took an active part in the first battle of Manassas and in subsequent military activities in the Potomac River section. Upon reorganization in 1862, he was discharged from the infantry and then raised and was made captain of Company C, 37th Battalion of Virginia Cavalry, commanded by Col. A. C. Dunn, Gen. W. E. Jones's brigade, A. N. V. In command of his company, he took part in the operations in West Virginia and was in the battle of Beverly and the action at Moorefield, where he was wounded and captured and spent the next eight months as a prisoner at Camp Chase. Upon exchange, he returned to his command and served under General Early in the operations in the Shenandoah Valley and the upper James River, taking part in the battle of Lynchburg, under General Breckinridge.

Surrendering at Appomattox Courthouse, he returned home and went manfully to work to rebuild his devastated section. He went to the Shenandoah Valley in the early eighties and located at Berryville, Clarke County, and again began farming, in which he was successful after strenuous effort. He married Mrs. Mattie Crampton, of Clarke County, and four children were born to them—three sons and a daughter—who survive him with the mother, with three children of her first marriage. His memory will be long cherished not only in his family, but by a host of friends and comrades of the days of war.

ARKANSAS COMRADES.

The following members of Camp Ben T. Duval, No. 146 U. C. V., of Fort Smith, Ark., have died during the past year: Ed T. Smith, 1st Arkansas Cavalry.

W. J. Kerr, Company B, 4th Arkansas Infantry.

J. D. Williams, Company A, 22nd Arkansas Infantry.

There are now just five active members of the Camp left. We are keeping up our organization by meeting once a month, and we are planning to be at Little Rock at the next annual reunion. We will read the *VETERAN* the rest of our lives and commend it to those who come after us as a true friend and impartial history of the valor and patriotism of the Confederate soldier. These are the members now forming this Camp:

J. M. Hopkins, Company E, 2nd Mississippi Infantry; eighty-six.

J. F. Dooley, Company G, 11th Mississippi Infantry; eighty-six.

R. S. Grigsby, Company B, 1st Alabama Cavalry; eighty-four.

E. R. Johnson, Company C, 1st Arkansas Battalion of Cavalry; eighty-three.

Joe M. Scott, Company E, 6th Texas Cavalry; eighty-four.

[Joe M. Scott, Adjutant.]

MAJ. ALBERT T. MCNEAL.

Maj. Albert T. McNeal, born at Bolivar, Tenn., December 9, 1842, died in New York City on April 19.

Entering the Confederate army from the University of Mississippi in 1861, young McNeal was elected captain of Company B, 4th Tennessee Infantry, and served in all the Western battles, beginning at Shiloh, and surrendering with Johnston's army at Greensboro, N. C., being then major of the 4th and 5th Tennessee consolidated regiments.

After the war, Major McNeal practiced law successfully at Bolivar until 1901, when he was elected dean of the law school of the University of the South, which position he filled until 1912, retiring then on account of age. Since then his home had been with his children in California and New York. He was laid to rest in Polk Cemetery at the old home in Bolivar, with his wife and children who had preceded him in death.

COMMANDER OF THE MISSISSIPPI DIVISION, U. C. V.

Report has come of the death of Gen. W. M. Wroten, Commander of the Mississippi Division, U. C. V. He had been in failing health for some time. A sketch will appear later.

CORRECTION.—In the notice of the death of Oscar Davis, brother of Sam Davis, which appeared in the *VETERAN* for February, it was stated that he was the last survivor of the family, which was an error, as there are a brother and sister still living—Mr. Charles L. Davis, of Smyrna, Tenn., and Mrs. Media Davis Mathews, of Houston, Tex.

FREE NEGROES AS SLAVE OWNERS.

(The following was taken from an article by G. D. Eaton, in *McNaught's Monthly*.)

As Carter Godwin Woodson points out in his "Free Negro Heads of Families in the United States in 1830," very few persons realize that not only were a large percentage of the negroes free before the Civil War (one-seventh of them in 1830), but a goodly number of these free negroes in the South owned slaves of their own. Some of them were rich and the proprietors of vast tracts of land, with from ten to two hundred slaves on each plantation.

Woodson shows one negro in Lexington, Ky., worth \$20,000 in 1830. The richest merchant in Macon, Ga., was a free negro. One Thomas Lafon, in New Orleans, had one-half million in real estate; one Cyprian Ricard, of the same State, paid \$225,000 for an estate with ninety-one slaves thereon. Marie Metoyer, of Natchitoches, had 2,000 acres and fifty slaves, and Charles Rogues, of the same place, owned forty-seven slaves. Martin Donato, of St. Landry, had 4,500 arpents of land and eighty-nine slaves and personal property worth \$46,000.

Jehu Jones was the owner of one of the best hotels in Charleston and \$40,000 in other property. Woodson reports a negro in St. Paul's Parish, also in South Carolina, as having two hundred slaves in 1857. It is reasonably safe to say that 40,000 free negroes owned nearly 100,000 slaves. Woodson shows that of 360 free negroes in Charleston, 130 of them paid taxes on 390 slaves.

Woodson relates an amusing incident of a Charleston negro who bought himself a wife and sold her at fifty dollars profit because she would not behave herself.

The *VETERAN* would like to hear from those who know of those free negroes and how they were able to accumulate such large properties.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *President General*
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE, Charleston, W. Va. *First Vice President General*

MRS. P. H. P. LANE, Philadelphia, Pa. *Second Vice President General*
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MISS KATIE DAFFAN, Ennis, Tex. *Third Vice President General*

MRS. L. M. BASHINSKY, Troy, Ala. *Recording Secretary General*

MRS. FRED C. KOLMAN, New Orleans, La. *Corresponding Secretary General*
4620 South Derbigny Street

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Rural Route No. 2

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, Louisville, Ky. *Historian General*
74 Weissinger-Gaulbert

MRS. J. P. HIGGINS, St. Louis, Mo. *Registrar General*
5330 Pershing

MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C. *Custodian of Crosses*

MRS. JACKSON BRANDT, Baltimore, Md. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. C. Ford, *Official Editor*, Clifton Forge, Va.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the *United Daughters of the Confederacy*: The response on the part of the Divisions to the request for aid from our organization for the flood sufferers has been gratifying. The checks have been sent through our Treasurer General to two general officers, Mrs. Higgins, of St. Louis, and Mrs. Kolman, of New Orleans, both of whom are in the flood district, and who are distributing these funds through the Red Cross. Grateful acknowledgement has been made.

Elsewhere in the *VETERAN* may be read the beautiful letter received by the Daughters of Louisiana from the daughter of Major General de Polignac expressing the sympathy of the de Polignac Chapter in France for the sufferers from the flood. She concludes with the following: "We pray God to preserve your beautiful towns and homes and make the floods subside."

* * *

June 3 was a red-letter day for the Jefferson Davis Highway. In Virginia, the final stretch of the highway connecting the capital of the republic with the former capital of the Confederacy was formally opened and dedicated. Senator Swanson, of Virginia, is reported as saying that "the completed Jefferson Davis Highway will mark the completed reconciliation of the North and South."

In Louisiana, three bowlders marking the Highway were dedicated, and at Brownsville, Tex., the bowlder to Jefferson Davis to commemorate his services to the United States government and to mark the most southern point of the Highway, was dedicated with brilliant ceremony.

This marks the completion of a meritorious work which has been successfully carried forward by Miss Decca Lamar West for several years. Thanks are accorded her for the achievement of this desired object. We are also indebted to the chairman of the Jefferson Davis Highway Committee, Mrs. John L. Woodbury, of Kentucky, for representing us in Savannah at the convention of the National Good Roads Association the week of June 6-10, and presenting the cause of the Highway before this large gathering of men interested in the building and upkeep of roads. A place on their program is annually given the chairman of the Jefferson Davis Highway, which is an opportunity for us to present the plans of this memorial to people from all parts of this country.

The President General was also present in Savannah to extend greetings from the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

THE UNIVERSITY PRIZE FOR CONFEDERATE ESSAY.

All are urged to again read the report of this committee as presented the convention in Richmond last year. It may be found on pages 120 and 121 of the Minutes of the Richmond convention.

We cannot emphasize too greatly the value to our organization of this prize, which was made possible through the generosity of the Baruch family. There has been extensive publicity, and requests for information have come from all parts of the country.

If no essay of high merit shall be submitted in this competition, the prize will not be awarded for this year.

There is a great opportunity for some brilliant writer to achieve note in the field of letters and to win this valuable prize. It is worth your while to search through your neglected documents, letters, and pamphlets, and bring to light your unused copy of last year's General Minutes and turn to page 120. What to your wondering eyes will appear but the report of the Committee on University Prize Essay, giving all information which can possibly be desired in order to enter this contest.

THE YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

We are essentially a historical organization. It, therefore, follows that the work being done by the Yale University Press is vitally interesting to us. This presentation of history will influence the thought of generations of Americans, therefore the call is very loud that we become actively alive to what is being done there. We cannot overestimate the value of our representative, Dr. Andrews.

The attention of the general organization should be also called to Mr. Arthur H. Brook, the representative of Yale University Press, with whom we are in pleasant communication. Mr. Brook desires correct history and insists that he will never allow historical accuracy to be sacrificed in order to produce dramatic effect in the photoplays. This inspires us with great confidence and should encourage us to concentrate upon our effort to show these historic films in our communities.

In order that we may work more intelligently and effectively in coöperation with the University Press, the President General will recommend the appointment of a committee to be authorized by the convention in Charleston, S. C., in the fall of this year, whose duty it will be to disseminate information to all Chapters as to the photoplays and other historic undertakings of Yale in which we are so vitally concerned. Give this due thought in order to be prepared to vote on the recommendation.

You have doubtless read certain reviews by Dr. Andrews which have appeared in the *VETERAN* from time to time. Concerning the one by David Knowles, the Englishman, and certain correspondence between the two, we are permitted to print the following from Mr. Knowles: "I must thank you most warmly for your courteous letter and for your kind gift of 'The Women of the South,' which I have found most interesting." He then goes on to attempt to explain his use of

the word "unintellectual" and so on. In closing, he writes: "I must not take up your valuable time longer, but permit me to say that I congratulate myself on the circumstances that have led to this correspondence, which has taught me much of Southern feeling and American courtesy."

LINDBERGH RECEPTION.

Miss Mabel Boardman, of the National Red Cross, with headquarters in Washington, wired and phoned requesting us to be represented at the reception to be given the young American aviator in Washington City on June 11. Her invitation was accepted, and since the President General cannot conveniently leave her office at this date, Mrs. P. H. Lane, of Philadelphia, the Second Vice President General, consented to go to Washington and represent officially the organization.

IN MEMORIAM.

Our organization has recently suffered a great loss in the death of one of our Honorary Presidents, Mrs. Sarah Dabney Eggleston, of Raymond, Miss., and Sewanee, Tenn. In the death of this distinguished woman, one whom we have delighted to honor, we recognize our loss of her living presence and influence, but we also realize that the inspiration of her life and works will ever abide with us as an incentive to things lofty and ennobling. To the Mississippi Division and to her sorrowing relatives we offer our sympathy.

RUTH LAWTON.

U. D. C. NOTES.

Alabama.—Presided over by Mrs. T. W. Palmer, retiring State President, the thirty-first annual convention of the Alabama Division met in Tuscaloosa, May 4-6. The entire city was draped in Confederate colors, and many social features were given for individuals as well as some for the entire convention. Governor and Mrs. Bibb Graves were special guests of honor, the Governor appearing several times on the program.

All sessions were held in the First Baptist Church, except the special welcome program, which was given in the First Presbyterian Church, and over which Mrs. C. N. Maxwell, Sr., President of the Hostess Chapter, presided.

Reports of many committees were heard when the convention proper opened Wednesday morning, and the President's report, especially, was heard with much interest, for it showed that much had been accomplished during the final year of her service and was complete in every detail. She urged better organization of the Chapters and more publicity and asked that the objects of the U. D. C. be kept in mind. Mrs. Palmer reported that four new Chapters had been organized, at Carrollton, Jasper, Butler, and Sulligent, and that there are now eighty-nine Chapters, with a membership of five thousand (not including thirty Chapters of Children of the Confederacy and their membership) in the State organization. Final payment for the beautiful \$3,000 Memorial window which has been placed in the University of Alabama Library in honor of the Alabama Cadet Corps of 1865 had been made, and she suggested that a similar window be presented to Howard College in honor of those who entered the war from that institution. Mrs. Palmer closed with a beautiful tribute to our Confederate veterans, whose deeds of valor we are keeping alive for the present and for the future, for, as she said, "love makes memory eternal." She also spoke beautifully of Mrs. Ellen Peter Bryce, to whom the convention was dedicated and whose absence because of illness was deplored.

In her report on Memorial Highways, Historical Events

and Places, Mrs. B. B. Ross, of Auburn, stressed the importance of marking and beautifying the Jefferson Davis Highway, which passes through six important cities in Alabama, and the convention agreed to do this and to place markers at a distance of ten miles apart. Each marker is to commemorate some historical event, preferably something of immediate importance to the Chapter placing the marker; also flowers and shrubs will be planted along the Highway, making it a "thing of beauty and a joy forever."

Dedication of a bronze tablet to the "boys of '65," and especially to those who attempted to defend the bridge, the Alabama Cadet Corps, took place Thursday afternoon and Governor Graves was the principal speaker, having been introduced by Mrs. C. N. Maxwell, Sr., master of ceremonies. Miss Emma Louise Rodes, granddaughter of Gen. R. E. Rodes, unveiled the tablet which bore the inscription: "Here the cadets of the University of Alabama engaged Federal cavalry on the night of April 4, 1865. Erected by R. E. Rodes Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, May 5, 1927."

The retiring president, Mrs. T. W. Palmer, was presented with a gold watch as a token of appreciation for her service during the last two years. Twenty prizes were awarded for various subjects and activities, and the President's prize went to Mrs. W. C. Miles, of Oneonta, for promoting interest in Confederate history, she having spoken on this subject before 130,827 school children.

Friday morning officers were elected and installed as follows: President, Mrs. R. B. Broyles, Birmingham; First Vice President, Mrs. Charles N. Maxwell, Sr., Tuscaloosa; Second Vice President, Mrs. W. G. Lewis, Eufaula; Recording Secretary, Mrs. E. M. Grimsley, Fayette; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Victor Randolph, of Birmingham; Registrar Mrs. Herschel Larimore, Florence; Historian Mrs. M. E. Curtis, Camden; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. J. O. Sentell, Luverne; Chaplain, Mrs. J. H. Phillips, Tuscaloosa; Treasurer, Mrs. J. A. Embrey; Director of Children of the Confederacy, Mrs. C. R. Yandle.

* * *

Arkansas.—At the two-day encampment of the United Spanish War Veterans in Little Rock recently, the last feature of their activities was the presentation of a large American flag to the Arkansas Confederate Home, which added much to the dignity of that beautiful lawn. The veterans are the objects of much interest to all the Confederate organizations, and everything is being done for their comfort and happiness.

Memorial Day was celebrated as usual with music and appropriate addresses. It is truly inspiring to note with what tenderness and pride the Children of the Confederacy Chapters lovingly place their flowers and flags on the graves of the dear old soldiers resting there. The Division President, Mrs. George Hughes, of Benton, called her board for the second meeting of the year in the charming little city of Clarksville on May 25. A one-day session sufficed to put the business through. Friendship and harmony prevailed, and much was accomplished. Efforts on educational lines are bearing fruit. The U. D. C. State Contest has brought forth eighty essays from the Helena high schools alone, through the Division Third Vice President, Mrs. M. P. Meyers. The very efficient Division First Vice President, Mrs. Jeanne Fox Weiseman, is still holding to her hope of getting Southern history taught in the State University, and is even now interviewing the president on this subject. All this, with the placing of books and hanging of pictures in the schools, is a forceful means to the end earnestly desired.

Colorado.—A pageant of flags which told the history of the Confederacy and of the War between the States, election of officers, and an annual luncheon were the main features of the fifteenth convention of the Colorado Division, held in Denver May 9, 10, at the Auditorium Hotel.

Delegates from four Chapters attended, representing a registered membership of four hundred and sixty-three. Mrs. William Barber, of Pueblo, Division President, was in the chair for the business session. Mrs. Alonzo Fry, President of Stonewall Jackson Chapter, which was hostess for the convention, was toastmistress for the luncheon and opened the various meetings.

Pueblo was chosen as the place for the next convention, May, 1928, upon the invitation of Nathan Bedford Forrest Chapter. A memorial meeting was held as tribute to the Confederate veterans and Chapter members who died during the year, Mrs. L. B. Copeland in charge.

The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. William Barber, Pueblo; First Vice President, Mrs. Alonzo Fry; Second Vice President, Mrs. John H. Campbell; Third Vice President; Mrs. F. L. Dodge; Recording Secretary, Mrs. John Traylor; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. H. P. Vories; Treasurer, Mrs. L. E. Kelton; Historian, Mrs. L. C. Ramsey; Registrar, Miss Ella Colburn; Custodian of Crosses, Mrs. W. W. Taylor; Parliamentarian, Mrs. F. I. Smith.

About one hundred guests attended the annual luncheon, over which Mrs. Alonzo Fry presided. She introduced the State President, the Division Honorary President, and the Chapter Presidents. The Rev. F. R. Poage made the invocation. Dr. Grant, a veteran of two wars sixty years apart, spoke on his recent visit to Birmingham. Mr. Hawkins gave an account of the career and character of Judah P. Benjamin, Senator from Louisiana and Attorney General and Secretary of State for the Confederacy. He referred to Benjamin as "the brains of the Confederacy." Mrs. Smith spoke on Southern music, telling the influence of the songs of the South on American music.

The morning session of the convention was taken up with reports of officers and committee chairmen. Mrs. F. I. Smith gave the invocation. Mrs. Don E. Lemen, of Stonewall Jackson Chapter, welcomed the visiting women, to which Mrs. W. K. Dudley, President of Nathan Bedford Forrest Chapter, of Pueblo, responded.

The Presidents of the four Chapters reported on the memorial, historical, educational, benevolent, and social activities of their Chapters since the last convention.

The convention approved the action of the board in donating \$20 from the Division for Mississippi flood relief. The time for holding the State convention was definitely changed from September to May.

* * *

Maryland.—The annual election of officers, Baltimore Chapter, No. 8, was held May 7.

President, Mrs. Henry J. Berkley; First Vice President, Miss Elizabeth McFenain.

The vote for the office of Second Vice President resulted in a tie between Mrs. S. Johnson Poe and Mrs. Beverly Smith. Another election for the post will be deferred until the next meeting of the Chapter. The Board of Managers will include Miss Georgia Bright, former President of the Maryland Division, Mrs. William Buchanan, ex-President of the Chapter, Mrs. Arthur W. Nachan, Miss Lilion Giffin, Mrs. S. Sidney Norrison, Mrs. S. H. Orrick.

The William A. Murray Chapter, the baby Chapter of the Division, functioned for the first time March 18, with a membership of thirty-five, in the historic setting of the old

Senate Chamber at Annapolis. George Washington here received his commission as commander in chief of the American army. Looking down upon this gathering of United Daughters of the Confederacy was a life-sized portrait of LaFayette and Washington. Mrs. Robert L. Burwell was elected President; Mrs. James H. Magruder, Historian.

The meetings of Ridgely Brown Chapter are wide in scope as to its programs. The membership is now one hundred and fifteen. Contributions have recently been made to the Maryland Room, Confederate Museum, Richmond, Va., and to the fund of the Jefferson Davis Highway.

Again has the Hagerstown Chapter, the Henry Kyd Douglas, given liberally to the Mrs. Norman B. Randolph Relief Fund. At the last meeting of the Chapter, it was voted to present to the Washington County Free Library two volumes of the "Legion History," which includes facts regarding the War between the States which are considered fair to both sides. Dr. Mathew Page Andrews, Baltimore, recommends this impartial history and was connected with its compilation. Miss Anne Brien called attention of Chapter members at the request of Claude G. Bowers, author of "Jefferson and Hamilton," for old letters and diaries of Southern people containing information relative to the Reconstruction period.

The Maryland Division has established a yearly memorial of its former Vice Presidents, Miss Jane Margaret Cary. Prizes of \$25, \$15, and \$10 go to compilers of the three best essays covering the four years of the War between the States, contestants to be school children under eighteen years of age and residents of Maryland.

* * *

Missouri.—The Legislative Committee, with Mrs. Dorsey Shackleford, Chairman, and Mrs. Bernard C. Hunt, State President, are so delighted to announce that the Confederate Pension Bill has been signed by the governor. Missouri had a very peculiar circumstance in having a Republican House, Democratic Senate, and a Republican governor. The bill passed both the House and the Senate unanimously, and the entire Division is very grateful to our Governor, Sam A. Baker. The bill calls for ten dollars per month to each pensioner.

Many of the Chapters held appropriate exercises and programs on June 3, in commemoration of the birthday anniversary of President Jefferson Davis. The George Edward Pickett Chapter, of Kansas City, issued invitations for an annual luncheon at the Hotel Brookside.

The Jefferson Davis Chapter, of Palmyra, held its annual covered dish luncheon on June 3. This Chapter had the pleasure of a visit from the State President, Mrs. Bernard C. Hunt, on April 23. An afternoon reception was held in honor of Mrs. Hunt. To commemorate this visit, a handsome tree was donated by the Chapter to the State Memorial Park at Higginsville, and an added pleasure of the occasion was the presence of the Confederate veterans, M. D. Bates and H. F. Kizer. An April drive for new members of the Jefferson Davis Chapter resulted in sixteen names being proposed.

Mrs. M. C. Duggins, Chairman of Confederate Home Committee, made elaborate preparation for the annual "Home Coming" at the Confederate Home at Higginsville on June 5. Heartly response coming from all parts of the State and a great day is enjoyed.

There has been much suffering and distress in Missouri both from floods and a cyclone, and the Chapter members are putting forth every effort toward bettering the conditions in the State, as well as contributing generously to the Red Cross fund for flood sufferers in the far South.

On Monday afternoon, May 2, Mrs. A. A. Myers, Corresponding Secretary and Chairman of CONFEDERATE VETERAN and Press, entertained the Sterling Price Chapter at her home. At that meeting the Chapter voted ten dollars to the flood sufferers, and more, if necessary. This Chapter sent \$75 to the Confederate Home at Christmas time, and always contributes to the Community Chest and local charities.

* * *

Virginia.—Many Virginia Chapters joined in the celebration of May 13, Jamestown Day, as the birthday of the nation.

On May 28, Fredericksburg celebrated with a most interesting historical pageant and other exercises the opening of the Jefferson Davis Highway through the State. Gov. Harry Flood Byrd clipped the ribbon which formally opened the Highway. Virginia Division has placed a marker on the Virginia-District of Columbia line, which marks the eastern terminal of this great Highway.

On June 27, the Fairfax County Chapter, with appropriate exercises, unveiled a marker on the spot where young Peyton Anderson, of Rappahannock County, was wounded, he being the first man to shed his blood for the Confederacy. This happened on the morning of May 27, 1861, young Anderson having been detailed to picket the road leading from Washington to Fairfax Courthouse. The exercises in connection with the unveiling were most interesting and largely attended. Among those present were Mrs. Anderson, widow of the soldier, and many of his descendants. Mrs. A. C. Ford, Division President, represented the Virginia Division.

Owing to the greatly increased number of visitors to Lee Chapel and Mausoleum at Lexington, the Division has found it necessary to place an Assistant Custodian there for four summer months. Miss Nettie Stuart, of Lexington, has accepted this position.

Some years ago the Bernard Bee Chapter, of Texas, sent a large Texas flag to the Manassas Chapter, Virginia Division, asking that it be used each year on the battle field of First Manassas to mark the spot where General Bee fell. On May 8, his birthday, this flag waved once more over this spot.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." **FLOWER:** The Rose.

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, Historian General.

HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1927.

GENERAL TOPIC: THE CONFEDERATE CONGRESS

U. D. C. Program for July.

TEXAS SECEDED FEBRUARY 23, 1861.

In the Confederate Congresses, Texas was represented by the following citizens. In giving this list of names, the letter "P" following stands for Provisional Congress, the figures for first and second congresses.

Senators: William S. Oldham (1, 2); Louis T. Wigfall (1, 2).
Representatives: John Gregg (P); Thomas N. Waul (P); William B. Ochiltree (P); John H. Reagan (P); William S. Oldham (P); John Hemphill (P); Louis T. Wigfall (P); John A. Wilcox (1); Peter W. Gray (1); Caleb C. Herbert (1, 2); William B. Wright (1); M. D. Graham (1); Frank B. Sexton (1, 2), A. M. Branch (2); Simpson H. Morgan (2); John R. Baylor (2); Stephen H. Darden (2).

PROGRAM FOR CHILDREN OF CONFEDERACY, 1927.

JULY.

Locate Pittsburg Landing. Shiloh, Corinth. Describe the battle of Shiloh, April 6, 1862. Special sketch of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston.

Read "A Child's Conclusion," by Sarah M. B. Piatt. Library of Southern Literature, Volume IX, 4005.

C. OF C. CATECHISM.

1. Who designed the Stars and Bars?

Orrin Randolph Smith, whose design was submitted to a committee appointed by the Confederate Congress.

2. Has there been any dispute about the designer of the first flag?

Yes; there have been other claims presented, but these have been refuted by evidence before committees from all Confederate organizations.

3. Why was another flag adopted?

Because the "Stars and Bars" was mistaken at the battle of Manassas for the flag of the United States, and it was unsafe to use it in battle.

4. Who designed the battle flag?

General Beauregard, after the battle of Manassas, and his design was adopted by Congress as a battle flag and used throughout the war.

5. What was the battle flag?

The cross of St. Andrew on a field of red, the cross blue, on which were thirteen stars.

6. What other flag was used?

This battle flag on a large field of white was adopted by Congress as the flag of the Confederacy, but it was found that so large an expanse of white might be mistaken for a flag of truce, and Congress ordered a band of red across the white field.

7. Was this last flag ever used?

No; it was adopted just before the fall of the Confederacy, and was never used.

8. How are these flags used by the different Confederate organizations?

The Confederate Veterans have for their emblem the battle flag; the Sons of Veterans have adopted the last flag; while the Daughters of the Confederacy use the Stars and Bars, the first flag adopted by the Confederate States. The Children of the Confederacy use the white flag with the battle flag. This is known as the stainless banner.

9. When was the first shot fired in the War between the States?

At Fort Sumter, in the harbor of Charleston, on April 12, 1861.

10. Where did the last fight occur?

At Palmetto Ranch, near Brownsville, Tex., on May 12, 1865, between a Confederate force of 300 under Gen. James E. Slaughter, and a Federal force of 500 commanded by Col. T. F. Burrett.

ATTENTION!

Many members of the U. D. C. Chapters have sent to the Historian General, for use in the proposed book of Mr. Claud G. Bowers, articles, pamphlets, etc., which are on the war itself. Please bear in mind that the period to be written on is not the war—but *Reconstruction, 1865-1876*. Much material is most interesting, much is evidently part of the cherished archives of the Chapters, but it must all be returned because it is not available. Please note the dates desired.

THE HISTORICAL FOUNDATION FUND.

An important undertaking of the general organization was that of making up a fund to be used in the interest of true Southern history, and the following letter has been sent out by the committee appointed to make up this fund, of which Mrs. Jeanne Fox Weinmann is chairman. The letter follows:

"*Dear Madame Chairman:* At the general convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in Savannah, Ga., November, 1924, a resolution was offered by our then Historian General (now our President General) to set aside the sum of \$30,000 as a Historical Foundation, the interest on same to be used in presenting Southern history in its true light to the world in any manner that may suggest itself or that may seem fitting and proper to our organization, as opportunities may arise from time to time.

"This resolution was unanimously and enthusiastically adopted—and yet after two years have elapsed we find that less than \$1,000 has been sent to the Treasurer General for this purpose. Why?

"Daughters, we must not forget that one of the greatest works of the United States is the preservation of *true* Southern history, not only its preservation, but its publication. The world must know the facts, neither colored by prejudice nor distorted by malice.

"We have given large sums for the erection of monuments to honor our Confederate heroes—which was good. We are giving large sums to endow scholarships in the name of distinguished sons of the South, to be used by Southern boys and girls—which is better; but when we broadcast the truths of Southern history, when we compel the attention of a world unknowing, unheeding, perhaps unwilling to listen, we honor the memory of every Confederate soldier who shouldered a musket and went forth to defend his home against a ruthless invader. We honor *our own, your ancestor and mine*; the great mass of soldiery around whose head plays no white light of glory, whose names stand not forth on history's page, but they were those who, in 'Simple obedience to duty as they saw it, suffered all, sacrificed all, dared all—and died.'

"Is this not our sacred duty? Should it not also be our greatest privilege and pleasure?

"At our recent convention in Richmond, it was voted upon recommendation of our President General that this matter be placed in the hands of a committee with power to act; and also that the Historical Foundation be called the Jefferson Davis Foundation to honor the President of the Confederacy, who was himself one of the world's great martyrs to the falsehoods of history written by his enemies.

"Your committee has given this subject much time and thought, as we are all anxious to push this work to completion. It has been hanging fire for two years, let us delay no longer. The raising of this \$30,000 has not as yet been placed upon a quota basis, but by making an equal apportionment among the membership according to the figures of the Registrar General, we find that seventeen cents per capita, paid for three years will complete the amount in that time.

"Surely each one of us can give seventeen cents for three years to the great cause of Southern history!

"Your committee feels that it is only necessary to ask. Which Division will be first to send its per capita for this year to the Treasurer General? We know that you will do it.

"Let us go to Charleston—historic Charleston—where the first gun was fired in the making of Confederate history—with the consciousness that we have fired our first volley in its vindication."

Jeanne Fox Weinmann, Lucy Anderson, Jamie McKenzie, Sallie Lucas Loggins, Anne V. Mann, Committee.

MEMORIAL DAY IN HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY.

Memorial Day in Richmond, Va., May 30, was featured by the unveiling of a marker to those Confederate soldiers whose remains were brought from the battle field at Drewry's Bluff and interred in beautiful Hollywood some thirty years ago. The spot has been cared for through the years, and the names were registered at Hollywood. The exercises in connection with the removal were conducted May 25, 1893, under direction of the Hollywood Junior Association, and members of the Ashby Light Horse Guards and Lee Camp, Confederate soldiers, were the pallbearers, with Rev. Moses D. Hoge and Dr. Landon R. Mason as speakers.

Preceding the exercises of the unveiling, there was a parade through the city to the cemetery. Col. John R. Saunders, Attorney General of Virginia, presided over the exercises. The marker was unveiled by two grandsons of James T. Gray, and the girls from the Junior Chapters, U. D. C., strewed the plot with rose petals. A tribute to his comrade, by William Robert Greer, a survivor of the Washington Light Infantry, Charleston, S. C., was read, and there were appropriate and beautiful musical numbers. The memorial address was delivered by Dr. Fitzgerald Flournoy, of Washington and Lee University, and J. Earl Duncan, of the American Legion, paid tribute to his comrades of the World War. Taps was sounded after the benediction by Rev. William D. Smith. Mrs. N. V. Randolph writes that the parade and exercises were more beautiful than for several years, under direction of a committee from the five Richmond Chapters, U. D. C., and the three Confederate Memorial Associations.

There are 18,000 dead buried in beautiful Hollywood Cemetery, 16,000 in Oakwood, and several hundred in the Hebrew Cemetery, all loved and cared for by the faithful women unto the third generation. The names of soldiers brought from Drewry's Bluff to Hollywood are as follows:

In Case One.—Capt. C. M. Fox, 44th Alabama; J. A. Ward, Company I, 3rd Georgia; D. S. Elder, Company I, 3rd Georgia; H. G. Fields, 28th Georgia; H. M. Lockland, 3rd Georgia; Silas East, Company I, 3rd Georgia; W. G. Guess, "Soldier C. S. A."; Henry Smith, Company F, 22nd Georgia; J. W. Claxton, Company I, 48th Georgia.

Case Two.—Capt. P. P. Biddle, 47th Alabama; W. P. Rainwater, Company E, 22nd Georgia; J. Bean, 44th Alabama; A. B. Wadkins, 48th Alabama; L. R. Sarole, "Soldier C. S. A." L. O. Teague, Company I, 44th Alabama; B. F. Hales, Company K, 44th Alabama; B. Scott, 44th Alabama; J. M. Dooley, Company B, 44th Alabama.

Case Three.—A. J. Wood, Company H, 47th Virginia; S. C. Cobb, Company B, 44th Alabama; J. T. Dunklin, Company G, 44th Alabama; E. Lee, Company A, 44th Alabama; J. M. Davis, 3rd Georgia; J. C. Banks, 4th Georgia; J. P. Par, Company I, 4th Georgia; E. Callett, 22nd Georgia; W. Parrott, 3rd Georgia.

WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES.

We have only four more months until the Charleston convention. Will the Presidents and Directors of the delinquent Divisions in our work of the special committee, Our Book, "Women of the South in War Times," kindly take the *very active* leadership and speak to your strong members to assist you? Get a favorable report by your Division as a whole, and, remember, all Divisions which do not meet their quotas, some other Division must pay it. Please cooperate with us in this way and do your bit for a common cause?

Sincerely,

MRS. EDWIN ROBINSON, *Chairman*.

FAIRMONT, W. VA.

DEDICATION OF FORT HUMBURG PARK.

An interesting occasion was the recent dedication of the grounds of old "Fort Humbug," near Shreveport, La., as a park. Back in 1865 this old fort had a great deal to do with halting the advance of Northern gunboats up the Red River from Alexandria. In his address as a part of the exercises of the dedication, Mayor Thomas, of Shreveport, told how the fort was built in the closing year of the War between the States, being hastily thrown up in an effort to deceive the Northern forces then operating around Alexandria as to the strength of the defenses at Shreveport. The earthen embankment and dummy wooden cannon were successful in their mission, for the Northern forces abandoned the plan to send gunboats to this place, and the fort, never officially named, came to be called "Fort Humbug," because it had "humbugged" the Northern soldiers.

These exercises were a fitting close to the Memorial Day observance, June 3, and the presentation speech by Mayor Thomas was a combined tribute to the President of the Confederacy and the soldiers who had made its history illustrious. Concluded just as dusk was falling, the scene was impressive with the lights of the city visible from the knoll topping the site of the fort, where the fortifications, with their dummy wooden cannon, had stood sixty-two years ago as a protection to the city of Shreveport.

In his address, Mayor Thomas said:

"There are two Jefferson Davises in American history. To some people, one is a conspirator, a rebel, a traitor, and the friend of Andersonville prison. He is a myth evolved from the hell smoke of cruel war, as purely an imaginary personage as Mephistopheles. The other was a statesman with clean hands and a pure heart, who served his people faithfully from budding manhood to hoary age, without thought of self, with unbending integrity, and to the best of his ability.

"He was a man of whom all his countrymen who knew him personally, without distinction of creed political, are proud he was their countryman. It is well for our sons and daughters of the Confederacy to have these annual celebrations and recount the deeds of our fathers, who sacrificed their blood in defense of principles and native land."

The exercises were presided over by Mrs. W. E. Wallace, President of the Shreveport Chapter, U. D. C., and following the speech by Mayor Thomas, he presented, on behalf of the U. D. C., Crosses of Service to two grandsons of Confederate veterans who served in the World War. One of the recipients was Ross George Woodward, grandson of W. L. Woodward, and both were present at the exercises. The other was sent to Gen. Pegram Whitworth, U. S. A., a West Point graduate, who saw service in France and received both the Distinguished Service Cross and the Croix de Guerre for valor on the field of action.

MEMORIAL DAY IN WEST VIRGINIA.

The sunlight falling on the hillside made a beautiful picture as youth and age together scattered flowers and placed flags on the graves of the veterans of 1861-65, in Woodlawn Cemetery, Fairmont, W. Va., on June 3, commemorating the birthday of Jefferson Davis, the President of the Southern Confederacy.

Albert J. Kern, one of the city's prominent attorneys, made a short address, paying tribute to the heroes of the South in a befitting manner and to the local sons and daughters who have passed beyond.

The observance was under the auspices of the Robert E.

Lee Chapter, U. D. C., of this city, Mrs. C. C. Hinkle, President, conducted the services. Mrs. James E. Smith, Historian, was in general charge of the program, which was a most impressive and fitting one. The Daughters attended in large numbers, also the Confederate veterans.

The Mary Custis Lee Chapter most graciously brought white peonies and ferns, with which they assisted in decorating each grave. The adjoining cemeteries had previously been decorated, making quite a number under this Chapter's care.

Each Daughter has made, by her devotion to this service, the words more true: "They do not die who in their deeds survive, enshrined forever in the hearts of men."

In sending this account of the memorial, Mrs. James E. Smith writes:

"This is the first time in the history of our Chapter that any attempt was made at observance of Memorial Day other than strewing flowers and to place a few flags. Our membership is so enthused, and it has met with such response from our city officials and the public in general, that I am sending this account of it for the VETERAN. Aside from this ceremony we have placed ten iron markers at graves of veterans in nearby cemeteries."

THE LONE CONFEDERATE GRAVE

BY MRS. O. F. WILEY, HISTORIAN BOSTON CHAPTER, U. D. C.

Again the Boston Chapter, U. D. C., was given the opportunity by the MacKenzie Army and Navy Post, through the courtesy of the Adjutant, Mr. George S. Cunningham, to go to Deer Island on Memorial Day to decorate the grave of our Confederate soldier who lies buried upon this Island. Mrs. James O. Janney, President of the Cambridge Chapter, read the ritual; Mrs. R. H. Chesley, of the Cambridge Chapter, read the "Bivouac of the Dead"; Mrs. Olin F. Wiley, Historian of the Boston Chapter, placed a Confederate flag at the head of this sacred grave; and Mrs. Frederick L. Hoffman, President of the Boston Chapter, in behalf of all the United Daughters of the Confederacy, placed a wreath upon the grave, with the following remarks:

"Again we pay tribute to the memory of our heroic soldier dead. It is a tribute of honor and of love, and in behalf of the Boston Chapter, the Mother Chapter of the U. D. C. of the State of Massachusetts, I place this wreath upon the grave of our Confederate dead in loving memory and in honor of all the heroic soldiers who are buried upon this Island, for they did not die in vain."

The following is the inscription on the Deer Island grave:

"IN MEMORIAM

EDWARD J. JOHNSTON,

FIRST ASSISTANT ENGINEER C. S. NAVY,

WHO DIED WHILE A PRISONER OF

WAR IN FORT WARREN,

OCTOBER 14, 1863,

AGED 36 YEARS, 9 MONTHS."

"WHO IN THE STRENGTH OF JESUS TRUSTS
IS MORE THAN CONQUEROR."

"AS A MEMORIAL OF THEIR REGARD AND
RESPECT, HIS BROTHER OFFICERS OF
THE C. S. ATLANTA AND FELLOW PRISONERS
HAVE PLACED THIS TABLET TO MARK HIS
LAST RESTING PLACE."

Mrs. Hoffman gave to Mr. Cunningham flowers to place upon the Memorial Mound in honor of all the soldiers buried upon Deer Island.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*
209 Fourteenth Street, N. E., Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. J. T. HIGHT.....*Treasurer General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.
MRS. L. T. D. QUIMBY.....*National Organizer*
Atlanta, Ga.



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—Washington.....Mrs. Frank Morrison
FLORIDA—Gainesville.....Mrs. Townes R. Leigh
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeane D. Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MARYLAND.....Mrs. D. H. Fred
MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....Mrs. James R. Armstrong
SOUTH CAROLINA.....
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to MRS. MARY FORREST BRADLEY, *Editor*, 2043 Cowden Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

IN MEMORY OF OUR MOTHERS.

When the fiat went forth, and the call to arms resounded through the land; when the rustle of saber and gun heralded the marching of troops to battle, the women of the sixties were no less active in preparation, for soon the titanic struggle left hundreds of wounded and dying upon the fields of battle. No trained nurses, no Red Cross supplies, all unknown aids in those trying times; but no emergencies arose too difficult for the women of the South to meet. No matter what the call, a ready response was made. Emergency hospitals were soon arranged, and detachments of mothers, wives, and sisters were sent to minister to the sick and dying. Sending loved ones away with a smile, supplying all their needs—this was the work of our mothers in the Ladies' Aid Societies.

During the four long years of fratricidal strife never a murmur nor complaint, but praying, working, and encouraging, day by day, and into the long hours of the night keeping the home fires burning. Then, when guns were stacked, tents folded, and the impoverished heroes turned their faces toward the homeland, 'twas she—the mother—who cheered and nobly took up the burden of rehabilitation. Ladies' Aid Societies soon merged into Memorial Associations, when, in 1865, the call went forth, to set apart a day sacred to the memory of those who made the supreme sacrifice. To twine garlands of flowers, to erect headstones and monuments, and to gather from the fields of battle the hastily-buried dead, heap the mounds with fairest flowers, and to tell the story anew of the glory of the men who wore the gray. From 1865 to the present year, 1927, never a year has passed but this sacred trust has met the honored obligations bequeathed to succeeding generations by their sainted mothers.

This, the oldest patriotic organization of women in America, is the one and only heritage perpetuated in honor of our own mothers, and, could they speak, the message would be: "As I loved and sacrificed for the cause, carry on this beautiful tribute of love to honor the memory of the matchless heroes who gave their all save honor for a cause which they knew to be just."

As we wear annually a rose for mother, let us also wear above our hearts the beautiful emblem of the Memorial Association, which will tell to the world that the little badge of gold is but an emblem of the golden glow of love in our hearts for the precious mother who is but a hallowed memory and yet whose spirit carries on.

MRS. A. McD. WILSON, *President General C. S. M. A.*

THE LADIES' MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION OF TAMPA

Of pleasurable and inspiring interest is the news of the formal organization of the Tampa Ladies' Memorial Association, recently announced from that splendid city. The membership comprises women loyal to every Southern tradition, who have proved their ability in leadership in the civic and social life of Tampa. Mrs. C. C. Woodward, widely known and greatly beloved, has been elected President, and her acceptance insures success in their lives of activity, which will be largely social and memorial, holding aloft the high ideals and standards of the Old South and in paying tribute with all honors to our wearers of the gray.

The second meeting was held in the lovely Woodward home, and plans are made to have the meetings at the homes of the various members, and once a year have a beautiful reception honoring all the membership. Whenever possible, the meetings will be arranged on the birthday of some notable Confederate soldier.

Mrs. Mitchell McKay presented the account of Capt. Hector Bruce's escape from Point Lookout, written in his own hand. This will be the nucleus of many invaluable documents which the Association plans to collect for their historical work.

After the program, the following officers were elected:

President, Mrs. C. C. Woodward.

First Vice President, Mrs. T. W. Ramsey.

Treasurer, Mrs. F. C. Bowyer.

Registrar, Mrs. E. C. Darlington.

Advisory Committee, Mrs. C. W. Rogers, Mrs. George L. Cook, Mrs. Earl Mullen.

Mrs. Rogers, county chairman of the Stone Mountain Confederate Monumental Association, gave an interesting report of the progress of the work in Stone Mountain. Light refreshments were served, after which the meeting adjourned until the first Friday in October, to meet at the home of Mrs. Rogers.

Charter Members.—Mrs. C. C. Woodward, Mrs. J. A. Weaver, Mrs. Mitchell McKay, Mrs. John W. Higgins, Mrs. W. B. Hopkins, Mrs. J. D. Clark, Mrs. S. W. Allen, Mrs. S. C. Dickson, Mrs. Paul E. Dixon, Mrs. J. P. Alsop, Mrs. W. C. Gaither, Mrs. Gower Strickland.

The Junior Memorial Association, with Miss Margaret Woodward as President, had the unusual honor of being the first organized by the President General, C. S. M. A., and is a most flourishing band of workers.

JUNIOR MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

On Saturday morning, April 16, a group of enthusiastic Tampa girls met at the delightful suburban hotel, where Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, President General of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, made her residence during her stay in Tampa, and organized the first Junior Memorial Association in Florida, and the only one which has the distinction of being organized by Mrs. Wilson, President General, and Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, Poet Laureate General.

Mrs. Wilson, in recognition of her splendid and unselfish work to perpetuate the ideals of the South, received the title, "Our Lady," from Mrs. St. John Alison Lawton, President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Mrs. Wilson made an inspiring welcome address to the young organization and told them of their work.

Mrs. Boyle took charge of the organization, and the following officers were elected: President, Margaret Woodward; Vice President, Ines Lee Bottari; Secretary, Virginia Stark; Treasurer, Mary Irene MacKay; Music Chairman, Barnelia Woodward; Publicity Chairman, Margaret Woodward; Drummer, Dorothy Hensley; Membership Chairman, Mary Frances Bottari; Captain of First Company, Mary Irene MacKay. [Reported by Margaret Woodward, *President*.]

C. S. M. A. NOTES.

The C. S. M. A. of Asheville, N. C., recently conducted memorial services in memory of the unknown dead of the War between the States, at the Newton Academy Cemetery, Mrs. Charlie M. Brown, president of the local association, having charge of the program.

A squadron of cavalry, North Carolina National Guard, led by George Bryson, escorted the veterans, who rode in cars. Greetings from local U. D. C. Chapters were followed by the address, delivered by Mrs. A. Matthews. In referring to the history of this cemetery, she mentioned that the first white child born in this part of North Carolina was buried there. Father Ryan's beautiful poem, "The Conquered Banner," was given by Capt. Jack Edwards. The benediction was pronounced by Rev. J. S. Hiatt, Chaplain of the Thomas D. Johnston Camp, S. C. V., followed by Taps by the National Guard.

* * *

There is growing interest in Cuba in the great Confederate Memorial at Stone Mountain. President Machado and a party made a visit to that place, and he insisted on paying one hundred dollars for one of the memorial half dollars.

* * *

The members of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association tender their sympathy to Mrs. Eugene Douglas, of Memphis, Tenn., First Vice President of the Memorial Association of Tennessee, on the death of her husband.

* * *

It is interesting to learn that by the efforts of a little band of women at Point Clear, Ala., and vicinity, organized as the Eastern Shore Memorial Association, the burial place of Confederate soldiers who died in the hospital at this place has been inclosed and made fit for the resting place of heroes of the Confederacy and a pride to the present generation of descendants. An old Confederate cannon which did its part at Fort Morgan, in the battle of Mobile Bay, stands as a monument to these fallen heroes. Mrs. T. L. Hurlbutt writes of having obtained the names of one hundred and forty of them who came from North and South Carolina, Tennessee, Mississippi, and Alabama.

MRS. THOMAS HOPE HARVEY

Glowing tribute to the life and qualities of the late Mrs. Thomas Hope Harvey, who died on May 11, was expressed in resolutions by a committee of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, of Huntington, W. Va., of which Mrs. Harvey was President. From these resolutions the following is taken:

"She awakened pure, fresh, and sinless
For thy Holy eyes."

"Mrs Emma McCullough Harvey, born April 12, 1852, in Barboursville, Cabell County, Va., died on May 11, 1927, at her home, The Maples, Huntington, W. Va. She was the last surviving member of the family of Dr. Patrick Henry McCullough and Rachel Ward Thornburg, a distinguished pioneer family of Cabell County, of Scotch-Irish and French Huguenot descent and strong religious principles of the Wesleyan faith.

"She is survived by her husband, the venerable Thomas Hope Harvey, LL.D., former judge of the Circuit Court of Cabell County, Commander of the Second Brigade of the West Virginia Division, United Confederate Veterans, a prominent citizen and business man, a sterling Christian character, to whom she was married on April 24, 1874. There were no children.

"With rare endowment of personal charm, a keen sense of humor, and a frank naturalness it was easy for her to make friends. There is no way to estimate the joy and helpfulness brought to individuals as in the influence and enrichment of her Christian life and living. Though to the Church of her faith and choice she was loyal, yet because of her frailty and long years of physical inability she was barred from actual affiliation and active service of the Presbyterian Church, of which she was a member, and the Johnson Memorial Methodist Church with which her husband was connected, in both of which she was deeply interested and strongly loved.

"Mrs. Harvey united with the Presbyterian Church while attending Marshall Academy, at the early age of eighteen years. From that time it can truly be said of her that she adorned the doctrine of God, her Saviour, in all things without reservation of self, and in all the relationships of life, her family circle, her home life, community, and reaching out of the larger circle of devoted friends, she lent to all her happy soul that never had a minor note.

"After the close of the war, Mrs. Harvey sought outlet for her great patriotism in various Confederate organizations. She was made an honorary life member of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, also a member of the National Society of Sons and Daughters of the Pilgrims, an organization founded in Huntington in 1924. The cause dearest to her heart was the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, of Huntington, of which she was President from the date of the society formation in December, 1921. To this cause she laid her claim, her devoted, and undivided interest, untiring but weakened energy. So happily she was given the happiness to live to see this great work firmly established in the heart and life of her coworkers in which her faith was gratified, her prayers answered, her labors rewarded.

"Funeral services were conducted from the residence, and interment was made in the Spring Hill Cemetery, under a bower of flowers, the last testimonial of love.

"Confederated Southern Memorial Association, Huntington, W. Va., Mrs. D. D. Geiger, Mrs. Wayne P. Ferguson, Mrs. John Morris, Committee."

FORREST'S ESCORT AT THE SURRENDER.

The following members of Lieut. Gen. N. B. Forrest's Escort Company surrendered at Citronelle, Ala., May 4, 1865, and were paroled at Gainesville, Ala., May 9, 1865:

Commissioned Officers.—J. C. Jackson, captain; Nathan Boone, first lieutenant; Matthew Cortner, second lieutenant; George L. Cowan, second lieutenant.

Noncommissioned Officers.—N. L. Parks, first sergeant; W. E. Sims, second sergeant; W. A. E. Rutledge, third sergeant; C. C. McLemore, fourth sergeant; W. H. Matthews, fifth sergeant; H. J. Crenshaw, first corporal; W. T. H. Wharton, second corporal; P. C. Richardson, third corporal; R. C. Keable, fourth corporal; W. F. Watson, bugler.

Enlisted Men.—N. J. Anderson, R. Adair, H. L. M. Boone, J. H. Bivens, P. P. Bennett, J. W. Brundysers, W. A. Bailey, E. D. Buttes, W. F. Buchannon, J. O. Crump, T. C. Cooper, N. Alex Cortner, S. C. Carver, Joseph Cunningham, S. J. Clark, E. C. Clark, Thomas Childs, T. G. Chairs, S. W. Carmack, D. H. Call, C. A. Crenshaw, H. F. Dismukes, W. R. Dyer, H. F. Dusenberg, Philip Dodd, G. A. Duggins, I. Q. Davidson, G. W. Davidson, F. M. Dance, T. J. Eaton, John Eaton, William D. Elder, S. W. Edens, M. M. Emmons, M. A. L. Enochs, A. Forrest, J. D. Fletcher, George Foster, G. W. Felps, R. E. B. Floyd, R. C. Garnett, J. L. Garnett, G. C. Gillespie, G. W. Hooper, H. A. Holland, D. C. Jackson, J. F. Key, A. W. Key, W. S. Livingston, H. D. Lipscomb, C. T. Latimer, T. C. Little, E. E. Lynch, W. T. McGehee, T. N. McCord, R. F. McKnight, B. F. Martin, J. O. Martin, R. H. Maxwell, O. W. McKissick, A. A. McEwing, F. H. Moore, J. M. McNabb, F. C. Nolan, J. W. Newson, J. R. P. Neece, E. P. Oakley, B. C. Padgitt, B. A. Person, J. B. Pearson, A. A. Pearson, T. R. Priest, C. R. Poplin, D. G. Poland, C. H. Ruffin, Joll Reece, R. C. G. Renfroe, J. K. P. Reeves, J. W. Snell, W. L. Shoffner, J. K. Stephens, G. W. Strickland, J. L. Scott, A. W. Stephenson, G. W. Stephenson, D. Schurlock, N. R. Shoffner, A. M. Spencer, Noah Scales, H. C. Snoxler, J. N. Taylor, F. Taylor, F. Thompson, W. A. Thompson, J. R. Troop, E. F. Tucker, A. L. White, T. H. Wood, M. G. Watson, William Warner, W. A. Woodard, J. H. Womack, J. H. Word, D. Ward, Finch Woodard.

The original roll is on file in the War Department, Washington D. C.

SOUTHLAND MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Resolutions passed by the Florida legislature in commendation of the movement to establish "a great Southland institution of learning, embracing all departments of science, art, and literature, as a memorial to the Women of the Confederacy, which movement has been approved by the Veterans and Sons in convention, are encouraging in the coöperation promised, as follows:

"Resolved by the House of Representatives, the Senate concurring, 1. That it is the sense of this body that the several Southern States, whose daughters performed such sacrificial service in behalf of their loved Southland, should take united action and coöperate with each other in bringing to fruition the efforts of the Southland Memorial Association to create a memorial to the women of the Confederacy that will be without a rival in all history, an honor to the entire South, and a Mecca to which our sons and daughters can come for ages.

"2. That the State of Florida, through its legislature, express its willingness to join its sister States in performing a sacred duty to the mothers, sisters, wives, and daughters of the Confederate soldiers, in leaving to their posterity evidence of the South's gratitude for the service so generously rendered in

their behalf, and invites the governors of all Southern States to severally appoint one of their sons to serve on a committee to devise ways and means of carrying these resolutions into effect, and would be glad to have them report to his Excellency, the Governor of Florida, the names of their respective appointees."

S. O. Moodie, of Houston, Tex., is Vice President of the Association, and originator of the movement to thus honor the women of the Confederacy.

MEMORIES OF POINT LOOKOUT PRISON.

BY W. L. TIMBERLAKE, MOBILE, ALA.

This prison was located on the Chesapeake Bay at the mouth of the Potomac River. It was laid off in streets called divisions. I happened to be one of the unfortunate inmates. The prisoners were formed into companies, with a sergeant selected from our own men in command, with regular roll calls each day, from which he made his reports. I became familiar with the roll and memorized it and have never forgotten a name to this day. I submit herewith a list, the initials being omitted:

Ambrose, Abbott, Bryant, Beckett, Belcher, Brewer, Cooper, Cooper (second), Childs, Carr, Caffrey, Clifton Dorsett, Eads, Eddings, Fry, Fortson, Goodrich, Goode, Hazlewood, Humphreys, Holland, Hall, Jones, Jusen, Knight, Kenney, McClure, McWhorter, McDonald, McCormick, Mays, Madden, Medling, Norris, Preston, Pines, Parker, Pivett, Rodgers, Rodgers (secnod), Rucker, Ringer, Ridmond, Stone, Snipes, Suley, Tart, Tru, Taylor, Toomic (sergeant), Timberlake, Wray, Wright, Wilkins, Wheeler, Womack, Wingfield, Young.

If any of these comrades are alive and should see this, I would be glad to hear from them. I was released from this prison June 21, 1865.

OKLAHOMA STATE REUNION, U. C. V.—Report comes of an interesting meeting of the veterans of Oklahoma early in June, with Gen. J. C. Foster, Commander in Chief, U. C. V., as the guest of honor. There were about 150 veterans in attendance, with their families and friends, and they were welcomed on opening day by Gov. Henry S. Johnston. The elections resulted as follows: Commander Oklahoma Division, Gen. J. A. Yeager, Tulsa; Commander Cherokee Brigade, H. C. Gill; Commander Chickasaw Brigade, Harvey Hulén; Commander Choctaw Brigade, T. C. Humphries; Commander Creek Brigade, E. C. McDaniels; First Brigade, R. A. Sneed; Second Brigade, P. B. Hogg; Third Brigade, J. M. Kimberlin; Fourth Brigade, J. W. Harris.

SURVIVOR OF THE STONEWALL BRIGADE.—One of the last surviving members of the Stonewall Brigade is Andrew Davison Long, of Ladonia, Tex., now eighty-three years old. He was a member of Company A, 5th Virginia Regiment, of the Stonewall Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia. He followed Jackson through nearly all of his campaigns and was wounded severely at the battle of Spotsylvania; two of his brothers were killed in action. Comrade Long went from Staunton, Va., to Texas in 1872. It would be interesting to know how many of that famous old brigade are left.

E. Boyd Martin, 441 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Md., would like to get in communication with people who desire to have family coats of arms copied in oil, on sheet 11x14 inches. Give family name and nationality of ancestors; where names have been anglicized, changed, give original name,

WANTED.—Copies of "The True Story of Andersonville Prison," by Lieutenant Page. Anyone having a copy for sale will please communicate with the VETERAN.

Mrs. Alice Goffman, Idabel, Okla., is trying to get record of her father, Benjamin Tolford DeShazo, as a Confederate soldier, but does not know what command he served with. Any information will be appreciated.

Inquiry is made for a book, or pamphlet, entitled "Sunnyland," also Hounsshell's "History of the Valley." Anyone having copies for sale or knowing where they may be procured will please communicate with the VETERAN.

Anyone who can testify to the service of Joshua Louis Moore, who enlisted in the Confederate army either from Alabama or Mississippi at the age of seventeen, will confer a favor by writing to Mrs. J. L. Moore at Jonesboro, La. It is thought that he was in the cavalry; had two brothers in the army, Joe and Calvin Moore, one of whom was orderly sergeant in the 6th Mississippi; she mentions, E. M. Talbot as a comrade who could give the information needed if he is living. After the war, J. L. Moore went to Louisiana and there married.

SOVEREIGNS OF ENGLAND.

A MNEMONIC RHYME.

First, William the Norman,
Then William his son;
Henry, Stephen, and Henry,
Then Richard and John;
Next Henry the Third,
Edwards, one, two, and three,
And again after Richard
Three Henrys we see.
Two Edwards, Third Richard,
If rightly I guess:
Two Henrys, Sixth Edward,
Queen Mary, Queen Bess.
Then Jamie the Scotchman,
Then Charles whom they slew,
Yet received after Cromwell
Another Charles too.
Next James the Second
Ascended the throne;
Then good William and Mary
Together came on.
Till, Anne, Georges four,
And fourth William all past,
God sent Queen Victoria:
May she long be the last!

—Author Unknown.

Following his request for information on the Couch family, appearing in the VETERAN for May, Mr. M. Bertrand Couch, Adjutant and Chief of Staff, S. C. V., of Chicago, Ill., Box 305, asks for information on Peter Couch, who served with Company I, 3rd Arkansas Infantry.

UNCLE SAM'S BIG BUSINESS.

Nearly \$113,000,000 in salaries for approximately 65,000 employees in Washington is carried in the annual appropriation bills now being considered in Congress.

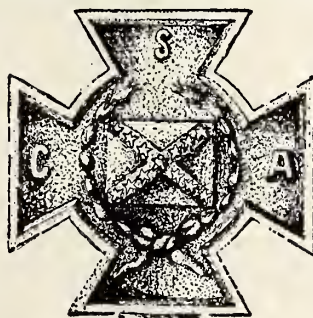
There are 47,656 under the civil service, who receive a total of \$86,698,509, and of these 3,205 are employed in the District Government, with a salary total of \$4,777,445.

At the Bureau of Engraving and Printing there are 5,151 employees, representing 22 trades, receiving a total pay roll of \$8,267,000 a year. In the Government Printing Office there are 4,100 employees, representing some 30 trades, with a yearly pay roll of \$8,250,000. In the Washington Navy Yard there are 3,112 employees, representing some 50 trades with an annual pay roll of more than \$6,000,000. Postmaster Mooney has 1,859 employees, who receive \$3,480,000 a year in salaries.

The Federal Budget, which is the basis for these appropriation bills, the passage of which is the principal duty of the present second and short session of the Sixty-Ninth Congress, calls for \$4,014,571,125. The largest single item of the expenditure—\$755,000,000, or more than twenty-three cents out of every dollar of revenue collected, is for interest on the public debt, and other such items make us pay about forty cents of every dollar on this "dead horse." Our outstanding debt on June 30, 1926, was \$19,643,183,079.69.



"Lest
We
Forget"



These cuts show both sides of our Marker for Confederate Graves. It is made from the best grade of iron, weighs 20 pounds, measures 15x30 inches, painted black or gray, and approved by the General Organization, U. D. C.

PRICE, \$1.50 EACH

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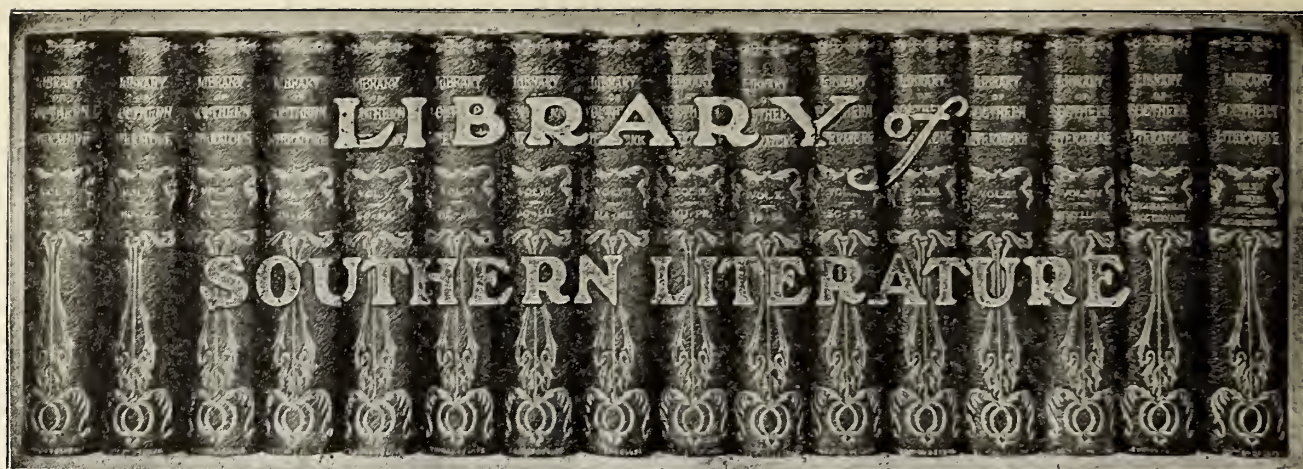
Attalla, Ala.

Mrs. William Stilwell, of 2218 Ringo Street, Little Rock, Ark., reports having a book that she would like to return to the family of the original owner. This book, found with some belongings of her brother-in-law, J. Wesley Halliburton, is a bound volume of autographs. It was originally the property of Edward D. Chilton, of Brownsville, Tenn., and contains many names of his friends and classmates of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, Class of 1860-64. The book would doubtless be appreciated by some of Comrade Chilton's descendants or to some friend connected with this class.

On the last day of school, prizes were distributed at Peter's school. When the little boy returned home, the mother was entertaining callers.

"Well Peter," said one of the callers, "did you get a prize?"

"No, but I got horrible mention," replied Peter.



DAUGHTERS OF DIXIE

UPON the Daughters of the South devolves an obligation as sacred as high heaven---an obligation to keep ever before her children the lofty ideals or chivalry for which the South has always stood. It is she alone who must instill in them a reverence for the heroic men and for the patriotic memories of a 'storm-cradled nation.' The broadest duty to her country demands this service at her hands. As the divinely appointed guardian and teacher of the young, it is to her that the youth of the South must look for instruction."

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